The Bystander. November 15, 1916.—No. 676. Vol. LII

The BYSTANDER

A PATCHED-UP PEACE

GENERAL JOHN BULL: "I'll listen to you when you are dressed more to my liking"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Hollweg's Latest Surprise

Bethmann-Hollweg has let another cat out of the bag, and it is such a fine, big, furry animal that maybe it is positively the last of the original litter. For two and a quarter years Germans and neutrals have been told that England took advantage of poor Germany's quarrel with the other Powers to rush into the war and use it to further her own base, sordid, huckstering ends; in fact, we arranged the quarrel in order to be able treacherously to do that abominable thing. So oft has the legend been repeated that we have, some of us, got to look upon it as almost as authentic as the story of Siegfried and the Dragon or Lohengrin and the Swan. It comes almost as a rude shock that Bethmann now reveals us as having been perfectly straightforward from the first.

Getting What He Asked For

On July 29, says Bethmann, he telegraphed to Vienna that "should the Austro-Hungarian Government refuse mediation, Germany is confronted with a conflagration in which England would go against us." So that he knew exactly what to expect a week before war broke out, and when he went to war he got what he asked for. Our "treachery," I suppose, was that we delivered the goods we had promised—with bonuses and makeweights. Disgraceful!

The Jocular German

If there were anything likely to convince me that the end is nigh, it would be the continuance of the appearance, in the papers, of German *jokes*. The week has brought two of these ominous manifestations. The first, now notorious, was that of the German saying to the lion which was about to devour him, "Look here, have you got your meat ticket?" That was good, quite good. We might and ought to have thought of it ourselves. However, here is an even better one. "Germany is ready at all times to join the union of peoples, and even to *place herself at the head* of such a union as shall restrain the disturber of peace." Upon that we could not improve. Its author is Bethmann-Hollweg. Hats off—a genius!

The Very Dis-United States

Some people think that the personality of the American President may influence the whole future destiny of the human race, and, therefore, last week produced quite a healthy element of sporting excitement to relieve the monotony of weather reports from the battle fronts. Wilson was not the favourite in our clubs and streets because nobody supposed that, in any circumstances, would he ever *do* anything. Hughes, though he has never said a single word indicating his intention to move a muscle in the direction of intervention, was believed to be the "stronger" of the two. As he had with him one Roosevelt, rough-rider and big-stick wielder, the chances of action were certainly more on Hughes's side, so people appeared pleased when it went forth that Hughes was in. Some of our papers even rushed into premature felicitations.

The Cowboy's Opportunity

The decision which resulted in Wilson's election, after all, was said to rest with the electors of New Mexico. That must have been a tense moment in the lives of the cowboys of that locality in which the vote of any one of them might have altered the destiny of the world! Had the Americans not been in such a hurry to decide on their President we might have suggested an international commission to New Mexico, in which all the propagandists of all the belligerents could have canvassed the said cowboys. If it had no other result, the thing would have made a splendid film—especially if Lynch Law, on a wholesale scale, were permitted as a regular part of the proceedings.

Why the Germans Won't Like It

The chief reason why the Germans will be annoyed at Mr. Wilson's return—the news of which reaches me as I write—is not so much because they loved Hughes, but because they fully calculated that if Hughes were returned Wilson would be powerless to do anything during the time between now and next March, when the new President would have taken office. During that time frightfulness could have reigned supreme, and Mr. Wilson would have been compulsorily too proud to fight—or even to write dangerous Notes. For it is against tradition for a President to show signs of vigour on his deathbed. An amiable comatosity is what is expected of him Now that Mr. Wilson is in for the four-year term he will be his own master, and will be able to snap his fingers at pro-Germans, Bryanites, and all the rest, and do precisely what he thinks best. This makes him, for the first time, a really interesting personality to Europeans as a whole, and one awaits the German move with much curiosity.

Exit "Julius" pro tem.

Mr. Garvin has returned to his *Observer* fold, after three weeks of local tenancy by one "Julius." Mr. Garvin proves to his readers that if he is not able to say anything that is fresher or more convincing than "Julius," he can, at all events, say it at twice the length.

A Correction

We have pleasure in stating that the mistake recently made in the title of a photograph which we described as of Miss Mary Glynne was not that of the photographer, but of a Press agent.

(Continued on page 337)

All The Winners!

A MEMORY OF LAST WEEK

JOHN BULL (as they come past, somewhat confused by last week's rapidly alternating, conflicting Presidential victories at a few minutes' interval): "Hooray!!—Damn!!—Hooray!!—Damn!!—Hoo——"

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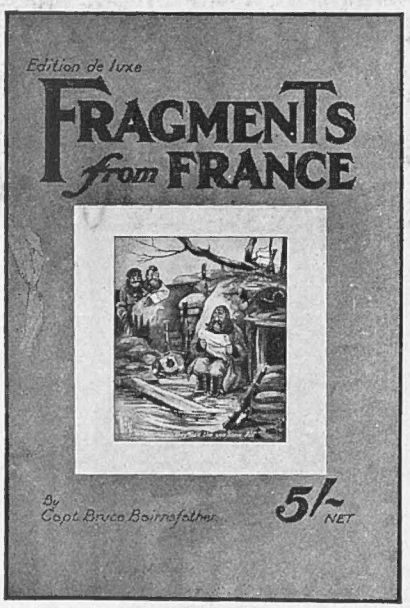

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

"An Army Marches on its Stomach"

This French Official Photograph shows a field kitchen on the Somme in the full swing of its operations: it is very evident that the men for whom it is providing will not starve

Wanting It Both Ways

Of all the recent attacks, those on Mr. Balfour seem to me to be the most stupid. Before he went to the Admiralty, the cry was all against the wicked "amateur" who persisted in directing the strategy of the sailors. Now the trouble is that the "amateur" doesn't interfere with the sailors. What is a poor First Lord to do? Mr. Balfour's alleged offences are supineness in direction of strategy and a lack of candour in the issue of information; but in both cases Mr. Balfour has been doing what it was said he should do—leaving it to the sailors. It is they who are responsible for dealing with German raids: it is they, also, who furnish the information that Mr. Balfour gives out to the country. Mr. Balfour was told, I presume, what had happened in the Channel the other day, and he told the country what he was told. Subsequently he had to admit that the whole truth had not been disclosed. But whose fault was that? Presumably that of the sailor who furnished the report. Mr. Balfour himself was not in the Channel on that dark and stormy night to check off the exact number of drifters sunk by the foe, or to measure with his own eyes exactly what damage was done to the marauders. Very nice, no doubt, if he had been. But would he not then have been abused, as Mr. Churchill was, for going beyond his business?

Fault-Finders

The fact is that the exact type of person who could possibly please the critics of the Government in such offices as the War Ministry and Admiralty has not yet been planned and put on the market by

(Continued on page 338)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 337)

Providence. When it is finally decided to send down the Angel Gabriel himself, to take charge of our departments, there will still be faults found.

A Business Boomerang

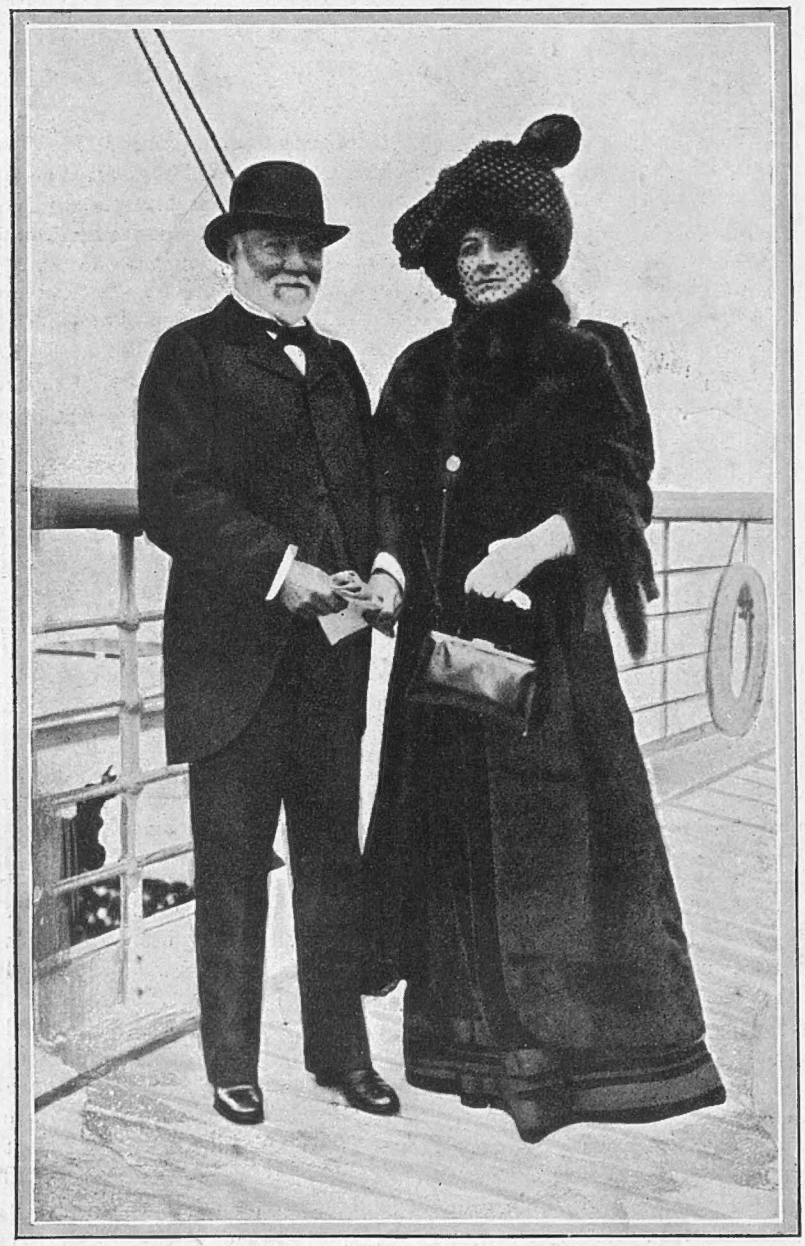
"Hun Piano Firm Wound Up." Thus the elegant method of announcing the taking over of the firm of Bechstein. There may be, and undoubtedly are, pianos on the market that might bear the epithet "Hun," but Bechstein isn't the one that would have occurred to most people. In this connection a well-known pianoforte manufacturer told me the other day that the net effect of the agitation against German pianos has been enormously to enhance their goodwill. With the pure cussedness of our race, whatever may be the case with other articles, we buy our pianos according to their value as pianos, not according to our patriotic impulses. German pianos, in the past, have had certain virtues of touch and tone that all the Prussian militarism in the world cannot deprive them of, and reading that "Hun piano firms" are being wound up has led a lot of shameful people to rush to Bond Street, while there is a chance, to buy—Hun pianos.

The Real Thing

True the money does not pass into Hun hands; but the ultimate goodwill that will result from present ill-will will benefit its victims. People who were able to "pick up a Bechstein, my dear," or a Blüthner or an Ibach or a Schiedmayr, will, later on, be fancying themselves out of all endurance, and *imitation* Bechsteins, etc., will have the same vogue to-morrow that fake antiques had yesterday.

Improvident Patriotism

It would be a most admirable thing if some of our super-patriotic journalists devoted their damnation of enemy products, whether human or material, preferably to those that are intrinsically bad. To damn those "Hun" articles that are intrinsically good (such as their productions in the direction of music) is to defeat the object of patriotism by creating a reaction.



THE BENEFACTOR OF THE BRITISH COMPOSER

Mr. Andrew Carnegie (with Miss Mary Garden). Mr. Carnegie has recently constituted himself patron-at-large of British composers in general. A selection committee has been appointed by him to publish, free of cost, British compositions judged to be of merit. He is himself an organist and a lover of music

A New Carnegie Benefaction

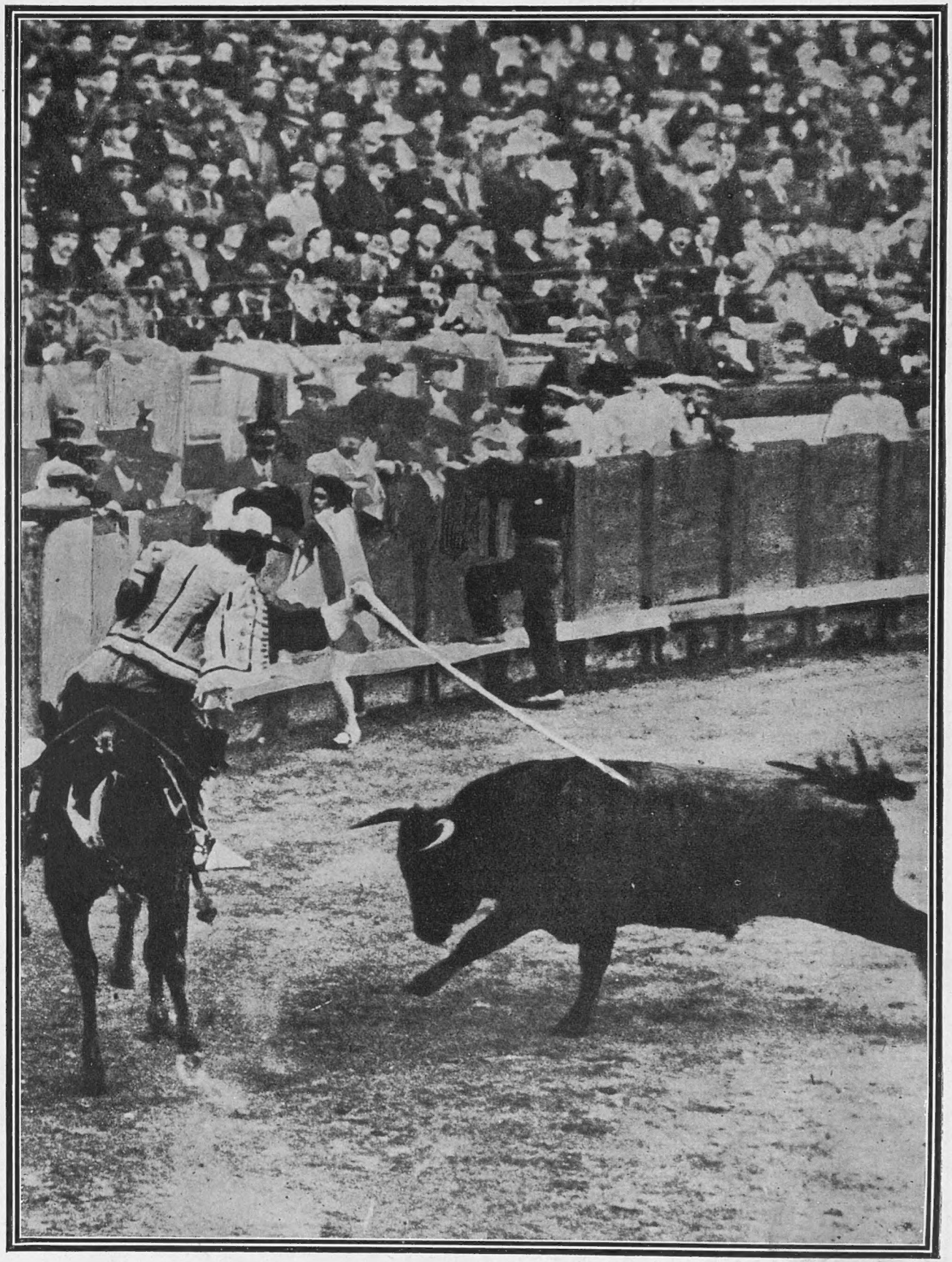
Apropos music, Mr. Andrew Carnegie is to be congratulated on one of the most practical attempts at well-doing that even he has undertaken in his long career as a philanthropist. His offer to undertake publication of native compositions is likely immensely to stimulate artistic effort. The curse of native music hitherto has been the rings of music publishers, whose ideals have been incorrigibly commercial, and their manners uniformly atrocious.

The Music-Publisher's Ruthlessness

People who have tried to get music published tell me that newspaper editors and book publishers are angels of gentleness compared with publishers of music. Whereas it does often happen that editors and publishers read manuscripts, and if unsuitable return them with critical reasons for rejection, rarely, it seems, does a music publisher so trouble himself. In England of late years the lowest standard of taste has been attributed by publishers to the British public, and the only "good" article thought fit to be placed on the market has been one that bears the hall-mark of foreign, preferably Hun, origin.

Touching Humanitarianism

A BULL FIGHT ORGANISED ON BEHALF OF THE RED CROSS



Seldom has gentle Charity expressed herself more charmingly than in the case of Spain. There took place recently in Madrid a bull fight, in the old-fashioned style, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Red Cross, a well-known international body which has as its principal object the relief of suffering. It is not yet known whether there is to be another bull fight shortly in aid of Our Dumb Friends League

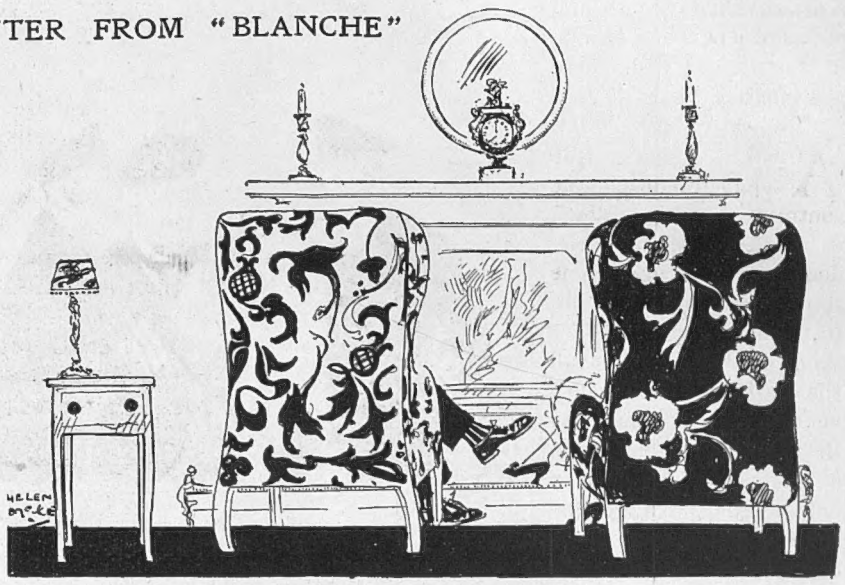
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *November* 13, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

THE Army fairly buried in mud in Flanders, the Silent Service in hot water 'cos it *is* so silent, us at home immersed in pitchy darkness all the nights and most of the days—cheery's the word, isn't it? And they do say that what with the Government being "so hopeless" and all that *il va y avoir du boulet*, as I believe the *poilu* puts it when there's going to be trouble, in that quarter. What a life!



"We snug stay-at-homes"

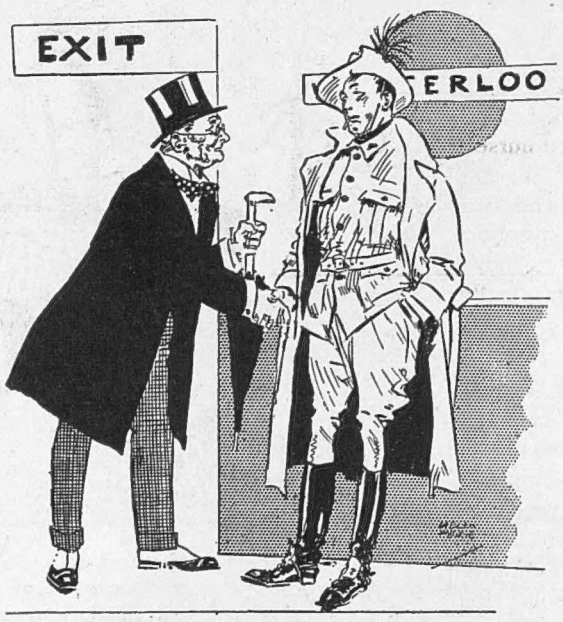
AS for the war in France, in that inferno of rain and sleet and sodden trenches, and quite appalling discomfort and never-ending exposure, one can just hardly bear to think, these damp and darkening days, of what our men are facing. Especially those heroic "New" Army ones, men who've never had a chance to harden themselves, men who before the war thought twice of getting their feet wet because you can't take risks like that and damn the consequences, can you, when you've got your living to earn?

BUT I guess a lot of them put some real meaning into that hymn of theirs:

"When I put civilian clothes on,
Oh, how happy I shall be!
When this rotten war is over,
No more soldiering for me."

AS to the naughty Navy—what the long, bleak, dreary winter means to them we snug stay-at-homes can't even begin to imagine. Out on those wild, black waters the horror and boredom of war must almost be sharpened by wind and weather. One gets so weary of a perpetual struggle against the tiresome old elements; and I sometimes think we really don't half appreciate all the boys in blue are always doing for us. But all the same, you know, we're rather cross with them in England now.

WE did so hate the horrid Hun getting through our own pet straits, and, my word, but there *were* some yarns going around last week about just how exactly they did it. Almost started a B.M.G. campaign, 'specially when at a fearfully important conference on things all the philosophic First Lord had to tell was about what a norful lot of cattle Germany had to kill before she could get enough goldbeater's skin to clothe a Zeppelin.



"Welcome to London"

TROUBLE is, of course, with the Balfourian type. They've got too much brains, or, rather, brains of too fine a quality for things like politics and wars. As the scholar-soldierboy says in *Mr. Brilling Sees It Through*, "war is an exciting game." It excites once in a couple of months. And the rest of it is dirt and muddle and boredom, and smashed houses, and spoilt roads, and muddy scenery and boredom; and the lumbering along of supplies and the lumbering back of the wounded and weary—and boredom. And thinking of the work you were going to do and the travelling, and the waste of life, and the waste of days, and boredom, and splintered poplars and stink—everywhere stink and dirt—and boredom. . . .

PEOPLE sending out Christmas presents to our soldiermen might mark, too, his verdict on books. What I want here, he says, is literary opium. I want something about fauns and nymphs in broad, low glades. I would like Spenser's "Faerie Queene"—knights and dragons and sorcerers and wicked magic ladies in a sort of Pre-Raphaelite tapestry scenery. . . . Send me books of

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

dreams, books about china and the willow-pattern plate, and the golden age and fairyland. Something about Greek gods, or anything about temples of ivory-coloured stone and purple seas, red caps, chests of jewels and liquids in the sun. I wish there was another 'Thais.'" . . .

⁂ ⁂

ANYTHING that's the completest imaginable contrast, you see. Which is quite understandable, don't you think so? Same spirit, no doubt, impels 'em to revue and that sort of thing on leave. After all that awfulness and reality you must want something that's very, very fluffy and useless and altogether unreal. And talking of the fighting men in town, the gallant lads from our Dominions who've come along so gamely to help us have quite taken the old country under their wing. One of them, comfortably tanked, was extending his ægis over the platform at Piccadilly Circus tube the other day. The train came in, and as the first passenger stepped out—elderly, severe, top-hatted, a typical Londoner—the Anzac dashed forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and beamingly exclaimed: "Welcome to London!"

"The Silent Service in hot water"

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of the men from overseas, it doesn't seem to have been exactly a popular move—that mysterious one of the Dominion authorities to "concentrate" the wounded and other Canadians. But it's not, of course, a new departure in tactics. Quite a long time ago I was furiously taken to book by the powers who boss the Canadian show over here when I once carelessly referred to a certain hospital for Canadian woundeds that is run by a millionaire Anglo-American under the general head of American charities.

⁂ ⁂

IT'S positively amusing, I'm told, the jealous care with which *anything* English, even doctors and nurses, are kept without the gates of this establishment. They keep themselves to themselves, like the respectable poor, with the result that rumour's beautifully rife all about how badly everything is done there.

⁂ ⁂

BUT the whole idea seems a little—well, unnecessary, doesn't it? And not altogether accounted for by the suggestion that the Dominion's never got over the fact that we found them a bit—well, just a bit fresh, you know, that first Canadian contingent that made the Plains of Salisbury the scenes of such derring do as had never before been thought of in all the history of armies. With the rest of our splendid overseas forces they've been through it now, and most heroically, and here in England, anyway, it is only their glory and their gallantry that we remember.

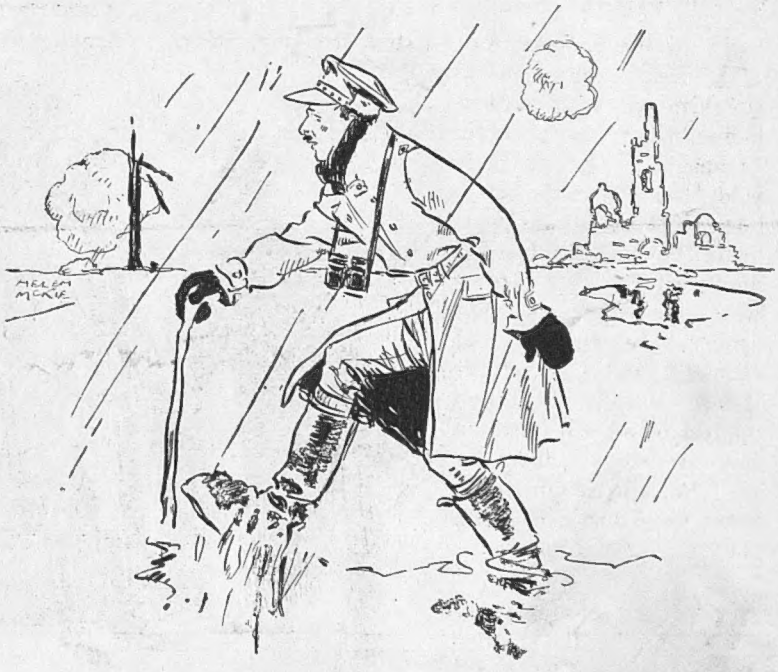
⁂ ⁂

BUT "I earnestly hope that your remarks on India and more of the same sort will penetrate to that country," writes one who thanks me "for ventilating what I think you are the first to do—the entire failure of many people in India to grasp the fact that the nation is at war. I've had this depressing fact brought home to myself personally by my own friends and relations out there, who appear to dance and ride and frivol generally, just as in the piping times of peace. It is particularly depressing that the women should have failed to rise to the occasion—seeing to what heights the best women here have risen. On the whole, in England, it is the second-rate women who have not realised the war."

⁂ ⁂

WHICH, of course, confirms what my Canadian correspondent said lately. All the same there are always two sides to a question, so here's some more of the other—and perhaps the ladies who write me so furiously on the subject will remember that I endorse neither. One can judge these things at this distance only by results, and no one would be more delighted than I if someone would announce publicly that it was all a fairy tale and that it never really happened—all that about the treatment, or lack

(*Continued on page 342*)



"Buried in mud in Flanders"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 341)

of treatment, of our sick and wounded from Mesopotamia in India, of the appalling lack of the simplest hospital supplies, of the ghastly journeys our poor men were sent on—some of them were "Terrier" lads straight from England—and all the rest of it.

❋ ❋

My last Anglo-Indian correspondent goes for us with a bludgeon. "One realises," says the lady blankly, flatly, and italicly, "that Blanche's letters are written in the lightest vein, and only meant to be bright and amusing. But it is just possible—in these sorrowful times—to be too excruciatingly funny. Her Canadian is a *liar!* To my own personal knowledge the English women in India have been steadily working ever since war was declared—from ten till one and two till four, besides taking home work to be done in their own houses. Even the beginning of the hot weather, with a temperature of over 100 degrees, has not deterred them.

❋ ❋

"As regards the 'social bust-ups,' that seem to gall the Canadian soul, these are merely friendly little dinners given among friends. The polo tournament at Simla is also a small affair, little removed from the ordinary station game; and the officers playing would be those on leave or staff men. There are no big dances given, only a few official dinners, and it is the general rule for officers not to be able to get away from their offices before seven o'clock at night."

❋ ❋

After which, I really think I shall leave it to the Canadian and the Anglo-Indian to fight it out between themselves. What? You'd positively think I was personally responsible for the giddy carryings-on in India now the way they go for me—anyway, the gentler sex. Funny how very intemperate women are in the way of language. My word, if they ever do get the vote and the consequent seat in Parliament, *won't* the fur fly! And one can't help remarking also how women nearly always write only when they've got something nasty to say. Men do it when it's something nice, and when they don't approve of your sentiments go mostly on the sleeping-dogs principle.

❋ ❋

This, which seems specially apropos now that the charity matinées have begun again, is, of course, from a man—a member of Boodle's just gone back at the end of his short leave. "I want to tell you how entirely I agree with your sentiments on the attitude and behaviour of a certain section of society with regard to the war. I am no advocate of long faces and no amusement, but Heaven help us from the crowd of men and women hunting for a new sensation and the exhibition of the latest thing in frocks who are so untiring in the sacred cause of *Charity!*

❋ ❋

"On some of us, perhaps, it is also apt to strike a jarring note—the modern taste on the part of a portion of feminine society for association at all hazards with members (opposite sex) of the musical comedy and revue stage. However, there must always be more than one point of view. Here's more power to your elbow—or should I say fist?—and go on helping us to win the war, at home."

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

PREVIOUS TO AN ENGAGEMENT (?)

Our artist, after reading the new Army Order of an issue of "powder puffs" to the R.F.C. officers, made the above imaginary sketch of the interior of the R.F.C. officers' mess. ("Powder puffs," in reality, are smoke balls which are used to train R.F.C. officers in artillery observation. When dropped they burst and a puff of smoke rises, thus indicating the position of the enemy's batteries)

"That Tribunal Feeling"

A SENSATION THAT HAS BEEN THE DAILY EXPERIENCE OF MANY THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS

Getting a Move On

BY "JACK JOHNSON"

THAT the Allies have the complete mastery of the air in France is now an undisputed fact, and it is even said (on the authority of prisoners) that the Kaiser, with praiseworthy economy, has begun to call in quite a number of the Iron Crosses which in earlier days he weighed out so generously to his dashing airmen, giving in exchange a nice typewritten letter expressing appreciation of services rendered.

Be that as it may, the art of hustling the Hun from above has rapidly developed into something approaching a science, and many and varied are the discomfiting stunts which are perpetrated daily.

❀ ❀

YOU may not, perhaps, have heard how Captain Blankerton (shall we call him ?) so inconsiderately upset the time-table of the nameless division entraining for the Somme. As nowadays Homeric feats are legion, it is probable that you have not, so I will tell you how it happened.

Blankerton and his Flight had been out on an early matutinal bombing jaunt well into the interior of Belgium, and, some useful work accomplished, Blankerton was wending his way homeward, his brain revolving rapidly in an endeavour to make up his mind whether he would have an omelette or just four poached eggs for his breakfast. He was still undecided on this point when he suddenly espied some trains standing in the small station at ——.

❀ ❀

HIS professional curiosity aroused, Blankerton descended to about 500 feet above the station, and observed with displeasure that a number of troops were in the act of entraining. At this moment the troops, the engine-drivers, the booking clerk, and everybody else on the station caught sight of Blankerton circling round them with sinister intent, and, as Blankerton says, " they came all over alike in a moment."

Some rushed this way and some rushed that, like sheep chivvied by a collie. Some dashed to get out of the trains, others fought to jump inside them, while others stampeded for the waiting-room. It must have been awfully upsetting for the R.T.O.

IN the midst of this confusion the engine-driver of the train in the platform, a man of push and go, decided that no matter what anybody else thought, he in his own mind was quite satisfied that this was no place for him, a married man with three children, the eldest not yet seven; and with a long, despairing shriek from the boiler, calculated to touch a soft spot in the heart of even an English aviator, the train rumbled out of the station for a destination unknown and uncared.

❀ ❀

IT was a very long train, and there was not much ginger in the engine, and as Blankerton followed it along he found that to cope with the diversity of their respective speeds it was necessary to make frequent little excursions over the country to inspect the crops, returning every now and again to see how things were going with the train. How many soldiers there were aboard Blankerton doesn't know: a few scared faces were visible at the windows, but nobody did any shooting.

❀ ❀

BLANKERTON says the engine-driver was a very determined man. Although the signals were against him all along the line he didn't seem to mind a bit, and wouldn't slacken speed for anybody. He fears there may have been some complications.

Blankerton says it was quite amusing circling round the engine at about 100 feet, getting into bombing position, and watching the fireman taking exercise. He fears that the man may have strained himself inside shovelling on the coal. There were about a dozen soldiers who had sought safety on the engine, and every time the machine appeared overhead the whole crowd, including the engine-driver and the fireman, *kameraded* like anything, the fireman using his shovel like a dumb-bell. Blankerton thinks the whole party was thoroughly upset.

❀ ❀

AFTER about a quarter of an hour of this Blankerton thought he would go and have another look at the station. Not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere, so he set off again to hunt up his old friends on the train and wish them God-speed.

You could have knocked him down with a petrol-can, he says, when he saw that the engine-driver, thinking the aeroplane gone, had actually had the impertinence to start backing the train from the direction he had just come. The sudden reappearance of Blankerton, his soul filled with hate, proved too much for the engine-driver. With another piercing scream from the boiler he clapped on the brakes, and before the train had come to a standstill a whole crowd of Huns had clambered down the footplates and out of the carriage doors, and were sprinting across the turnip fields like Marathon runners !

At the same moment Blankerton's observer scribbled a note, stuffed it into an old map-case, and dropped it over the side. The message ran: " Awfully sorry to disappoint you, old sports, but the Lewis gun is jammed and we haven't got a single bomb left ! "

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

" Mon, it's a michty lot o' stonework to be bringing in nae rent ! "

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

That Provost-Marshal Feeling

PASSED BY CENSOR

A sensation only to be had at a Base—in other words, a base sensation

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

New Jobs at the War Office—I.

BRINGING IN THE TEAPOT AT TEA TIME

The World War through a Woman's Eyes

BY ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

MISS ROSAMOND BOULTBEE

MORE TRUTHS ABOUT RUMANIA

Some of the most interesting people in Rumania, since the war began, are the deserters from the Austro-Hungarian Army. In Bucharest last spring there were many Tcheques who had offered their services to fight when Rumania entered. But yet more interesting are the Rumanians from Transylvania and Bukovina. Many women were sent into Rumania at the outbreak of war. Their men had to fight against Russia, but these all ran away as soon as they could, and made for their womenkind in Rumania.

❋

Such a one was Nick, the serving-man on the flat in a Bucharest hotel where I stayed. Nick thought he could speak English because he had been for two years in the United States. It sounded more like Chinese than anything else. But I wanted to hear of Nick's experiences in the enemy's army, and he wanted to tell me; so, scratching his head, he said: "I say you, missus, you talk too much up stairs." I then mentioned "German" to Nick, and that started him swearing, and I had no further doubts as to what he wanted to say. "The blank blanks put we Romanes in front. We all get wounds—killed—I fight Lemberg. I get two wounds. I run away. I find my woman; but my boy Alexandre, he sixteen year—he in Transylvanie." Never have I heard such a flow of execration as came from Nick. He started off quite calmly, but ended in a high crescendo of blasphemy. If he found me writing he would come and thump on my table, saying: "I say you, missus, write this. . . ."

❋

But, like all his countrymen, Nick was grieving, and he told me: "I send money for my boy, but they no let him come, the blankety blank blanks. I, forty-seven year. I work thirty-one year. I get me nice farm. I now got nothing. Soon I fight with Romanie. If I find my Alexandre killed, I anarchist, I go Vienna. I shoot Emperor. I get Hungary mens. I cut their arm. I put in pepper. At night I cry, and my woman say: 'Why you cry, Nick?' I say: 'I no cry, I got sore eye.'" A nice person is Nick, and he is only one of thousands of the same type. The Austro-Hungarian Empire has had, and still has, many people of foreign races that hate the governing countries more than they hate even Germany. So many of these were forced to fight, and in their rebellion hundreds have been shot.

❋

And the fine Slav regiment that has been foregathered at Odessa is just an entire body of prisoners of war, all panting for the chance to get back at the Dual Monarchy. All Serbians in Austria were forced to fight, and against Russia, their protective State. So many people have asked me: "Did General Brusiloff really take over 300,000 prisoners last spring?" Why, of course he did. They were all Slavs—Bohemians, Poles,

(Continued on page 348)

BARON RUDOLF CARL SLATIN

Commonly known as Slatin Pasha, who was at the outbreak of war British Inspector-General of the Sudan. Being an Austrian he resigned, since he would not serve against his own country; and ever since he has been aiding British prisoners of war in Austria

GENERAL SAKHAROFF

About to command the Russian and Rumanian forces now engaged against Mackensen in the Dobrudja

THE WORLD WAR THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES (*concluded from page 347*)

Moravians, and Serbians; and this is the absolute truth—many regiments came over playing their bands, so glad were they to get into kindly Russia. I used to watch that regiment training last winter. I dare not say how many there are, but now the best part of them are fighting in the Dobrudja. A Serbian General came all the way from Corfu, *via* Archangel, to inspect them. Only three were found not to be Slavs. The Tsar and Monsieur Pashitch inspected them also. German-trained soldiers all of them. They are a fine lot of men, and they, with those splendid fighting Russians! . . . I don't think we need fear more reverses in Rumania.

✵

WHEN I got back to Russia from Rumania last May I found, in spite of having asked innumerable questions of every political leader in Bucharest, that there was yet one question upon which my ideas were obscure—and that was the real relationship between Russia and Rumania. In Rumania everyone had spoken with such high regard of Russia. But the Russians—who will need a lot of petting to get over their apprehension as to foreign opinions of them—all thought, of course, as Rumania was still neutral, she must be against them. Germany has told us all for centuries that the Russians are barbarians. Which country has proved itself to merit such an appellation in this war? Certainly not Russia. So I wrote to Monsieur Take Jonescu—who, by the way, prophesied this war almost entirely about six years previous to its outbreak. His answer is interesting, in view of the present situation. So I append it.

✵

"YOU ask me what are the relations between Russia and Rumania. I will answer you quite plainly. Rumania is and—even if a greater Rumania—will remain a relatively small country. She is bound to be friendly with Germany or Russia. I say Germany and not Austria-Hungary, as already, and even more so after the war, what will remain of Austria will become a German dependency. That is why I hope that nothing will remain of Austria. Therefore, between Russia and Germany we have no choice. We must have the friendship, the close friendship, of Russia. The greater part by far of our unliberated people are in Hungary—four millions of Rumanians. Not only the greater part, but the most interesting part. We want those districts wherein are our racial brothers, and that has made us for a long time the enemy of Hungary—which means Germany.

✵

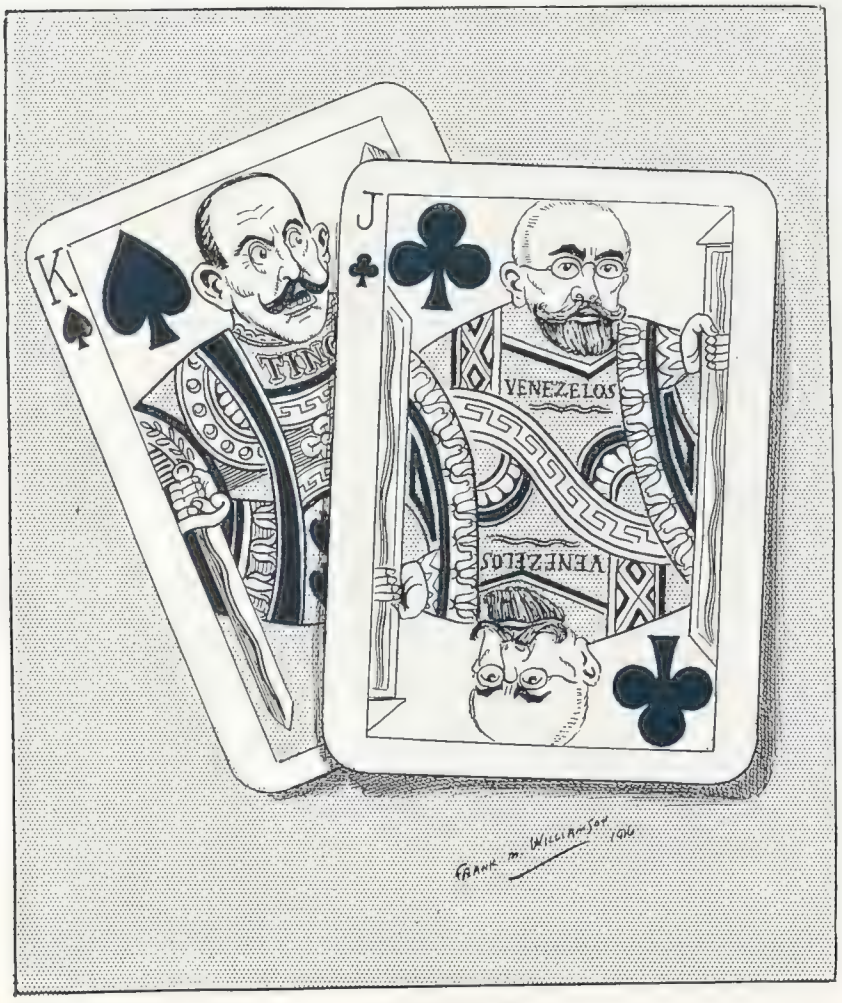
"THE idea of going to conquer Bessarabia is absurd. Certainly in the two and a half million souls in Bessarabia, more than three-quarters are Rumanians, and are quite national, for we lost Bessarabia less than a century ago. But if we did such a thing we would commit two blunders—one moral, the other political. The moral blunder would be to fight in the company of the Bulgarians, the Magyars, and the Germans, not only against Russia, but against France, Italy, and England—a moral impossibility. In the meantime we would have abandoned the Rumanians of Hungary, which would be the most stupid suicide a race has ever committed. The political blunder would be: the *Entente* will be victorious, and to go against the *Entente* would never secure Bessarabia for us.

✵

"BUT even should the *Entente* be defeated, the gift of Bessarabia would be more than dangerous. Russia is in the prime of life. She would soon recover, and her vengeance would be very terrible. We would again lose Bessarabia, and, perhaps, something more in her first revenge on us. On the contrary, all our conquest in the West would be from a country which sooner or later must disappear. We will be able to keep what we will take from a corpse like Austria-Hungary. As for the revenge of Hungary, we are capable of looking after ourselves."

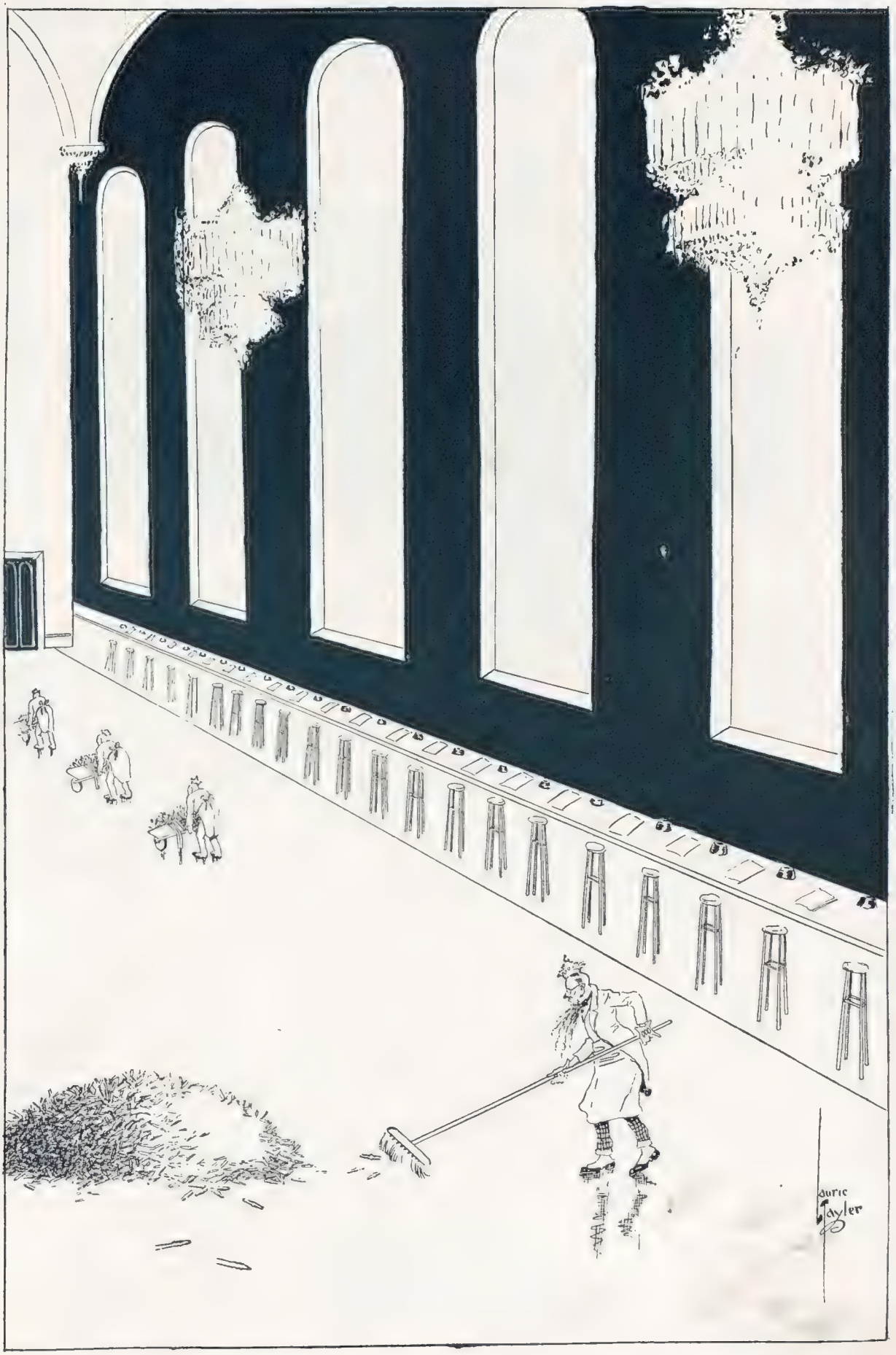
✵

MONSIEUR CHARLES RICHET some time ago, writing in *Le Petit Parisien*, said: "This at first was a war of legitimate defence. It is now a war of liberation." If so, no country has so many of its own people to liberate as Rumania. Not France in Alsace-Lorraine, nor Italy in the Trentino. Russia means to keep Bessarabia, but Bukovina they will willingly hand over to Rumania. ROSAMOND BOULTBEE



"TRUMPED"

New Jobs at the War Office—II.



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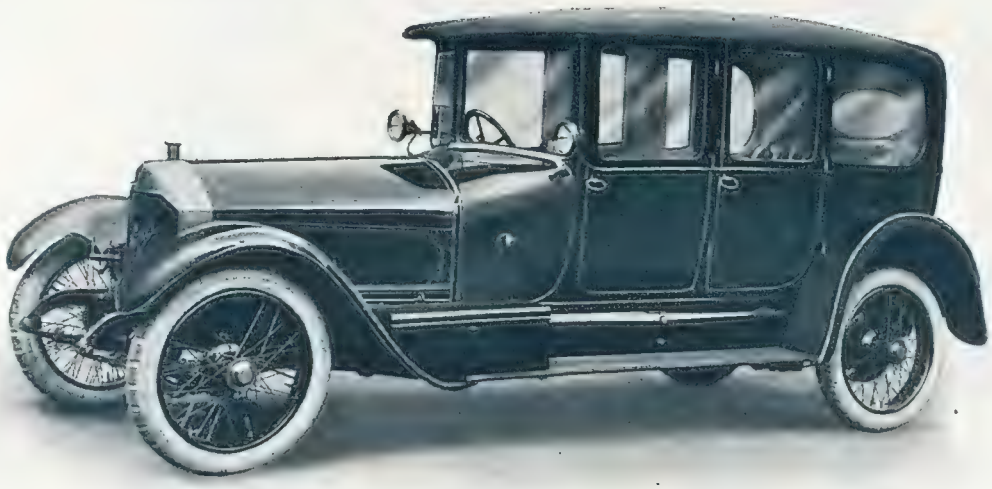

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The Bystander in Paris

JUST AN ORDINARY CROWD

"We had a *terrifically* exciting time coming over," she said. "Oh, yes! An awful journey, of course, *and* the examinations, and endless difficulties about passports, and then when we got to Southampton they wouldn't let us go on board, and when we were on board they wouldn't let us go off again, and the boat didn't start for *ever* and *ever* so long. And *such* a nice man, not in uniform or anything, but I expect he was a Secret Service officer, advised me to leave my camera behind me because it was nearly sure to be taken away, and would give me endless trouble, anyhow, and—and—and—now I'm *in* it at last."

"'No,' she said, 'that wasn't what she meant'"

And she beamed at the Place Vendôme, as who should say: "There! Now you can begin your fighting! I have come over to see this war, and I haven't been submarined or aeroplaned, and here I am, so please, *do* begin at once!" She looked very pretty in her furs and her excitement, but she almost lost her temper with me when I suggested tea. She had "not come over to Paris to drink tea," she said. She had come over after perjuring her immortal soul to all sorts of nice passport people to whom she told fairy stories of dying relations and important family business on this side of the Channel, which had to be transacted, and now she was here she wanted to see the *real* thing. I nodded towards a couple of wounded soldiers who were passing the Ritz. "No," she said, "that wasn't what she meant. Of course, they were darlings, and she always sold flags whenever she was asked to herself, and all that, but she had come over——." "To see the real thing, I know," said I. "You shall. Meet me at lunch to-morrow." And I gave her place and hour.

She looked very charming when she arrived at luncheon, but she was obviously disappointed. "You know," she whispered, "this isn't what I meant at all." And she looked wistfully round the table. There were a good many of us, about a score, I should think, all Englishmen, with a lady or two. We had met because one of the crowd was leaving that same afternoon for Blighty, and we wanted to wish him God-speed. So, being British, we had met to do this over food. "But," she whispered, "I wanted to see things being done, and to see the people who are doing them, and these—these look such very ordinary people." "You see the little man at the end of the table?" I said, "The little bald-headed man?" "The little old man with one tooth and a walrus moustache, do you mean? Yes, I see him. He looks like a stockbroker, and he wears a white waistcoat, and he talks like a stockbroker." "And before the war he was a stockbroker," I said, "and he is still a churchwarden." She shuddered. "I do think you're horrid," said she. "You don't mean to tell me that *he*——." "Yes, I do," said I. "In the panicky days before the Battle of the Marne, when there was no British Consul in Paris, and no Ambassador, and refugees were crowding out and crowding in, and the Germans were really very close to us indeed, and the banks were all closed, and the streets were without traffic, that old boy with the walrus moustache became a sort of patriotic and providential Pooh-Bah and was everybody's good fairy at once. He lent money to perfect strangers. He fed and clothed others. He even buried some and communicated with their families——." "He's

(Continued on page 354)

HOW PARIS

TH
WALK
SYMBO
THE SO
OF W

THOSE mysterious beings who ordain fashion in deportment have e
insouciance of gait. Consequently, it has lately been modish for
a sense of intense seriousness, to express in the gait something of what t
phase of "la mode" has not yet reached London

PROMENADES

THE
K. THAT
BOLISES
SORROWS
WAR

ve evidently decided that the time is unpropitious for lightness and
or Parisian femininity (according to our artist) to comport itself with
at the world is suffering at these times. All we can say is that this

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 351*)

rather an old dear, after all," she said. "Who is the Mother's Boy next to him? He and the man opposite look like the young fellows in training at home who'll *never* have dirty boots." "M'yes," I said.

"That old boy with the walrus moustache became a sort of patriotic Pooh-Bah"

"They were among the first three men in khaki in Paris. The sleepy-looking one hired the first sheds for the first men of the B.E.F. who arrived. He was an architect before he became a soldier, turned some huge hotels into up-to-date hospitals, and in the first months of the war did about three men's work every day without ever appearing to wake up." "I should never have thought it," she said. "And the other one?" "Helped to win the Battle of the Marne," said I, "and

"The Mother's Boy helped to win the battle of the Marne"

got promotion for it" "*Really?*" she said. "And he looks so ordinary." I laughed. "The little fellow ——." "The one like an amiable rat," said she. "Yes," I nodded, "that's the one—helped a Belgian bank manager to get across to England at the risk of both their lives with a big valise full of valuable securities belonging to the customers of the bank, and then hurried back again to Paris to look after the bank's property in case the Germans came in." "I would never have believed he could have done it," she said. "Nor would he," said I, "but he did. The tall thin woman helped a colonel to escape in her own clothes from Holland." "How exciting!" she cried. "And the little pale man?" "Was another banker," said I. "When the French banks here shut down and refused to pay out any money he, in the interests of the British bank he represented, kept the flag flying, announced that business would be transacted as usual, and no notice taken of the moratorium,

"The one like an amiable rat helped a Belgian bank manager to get across to England with his valise full of valuable securities"

opened a branch in Bordeaux soon afterwards, and, young though he is, carried the whole enormous business on his own shoulders both in Bordeaux and in Paris until adequate help was sent over to him. If it hadn't been for him I and a good many other people might have starved during those first few weeks of the war." "Wonderful!" said she. "And the red-faced man?" "He's a doctor," said I. "The enemy were at the gates, wounded were coming in. There was no Embassy. There was no Consulate. The trustees of the British Hospital and the British Charitable Fund were away. The Committee of the Chamber of Commerce wasn't there, and the parson was in England still on a holiday, so the doctor took hold. He started and organised the work of the British Red Cross here. He borrowed, begged, and stole motor-cars, money, help, houses, everything. He worked night and day and day and night, and saved I don't know how many lives. They

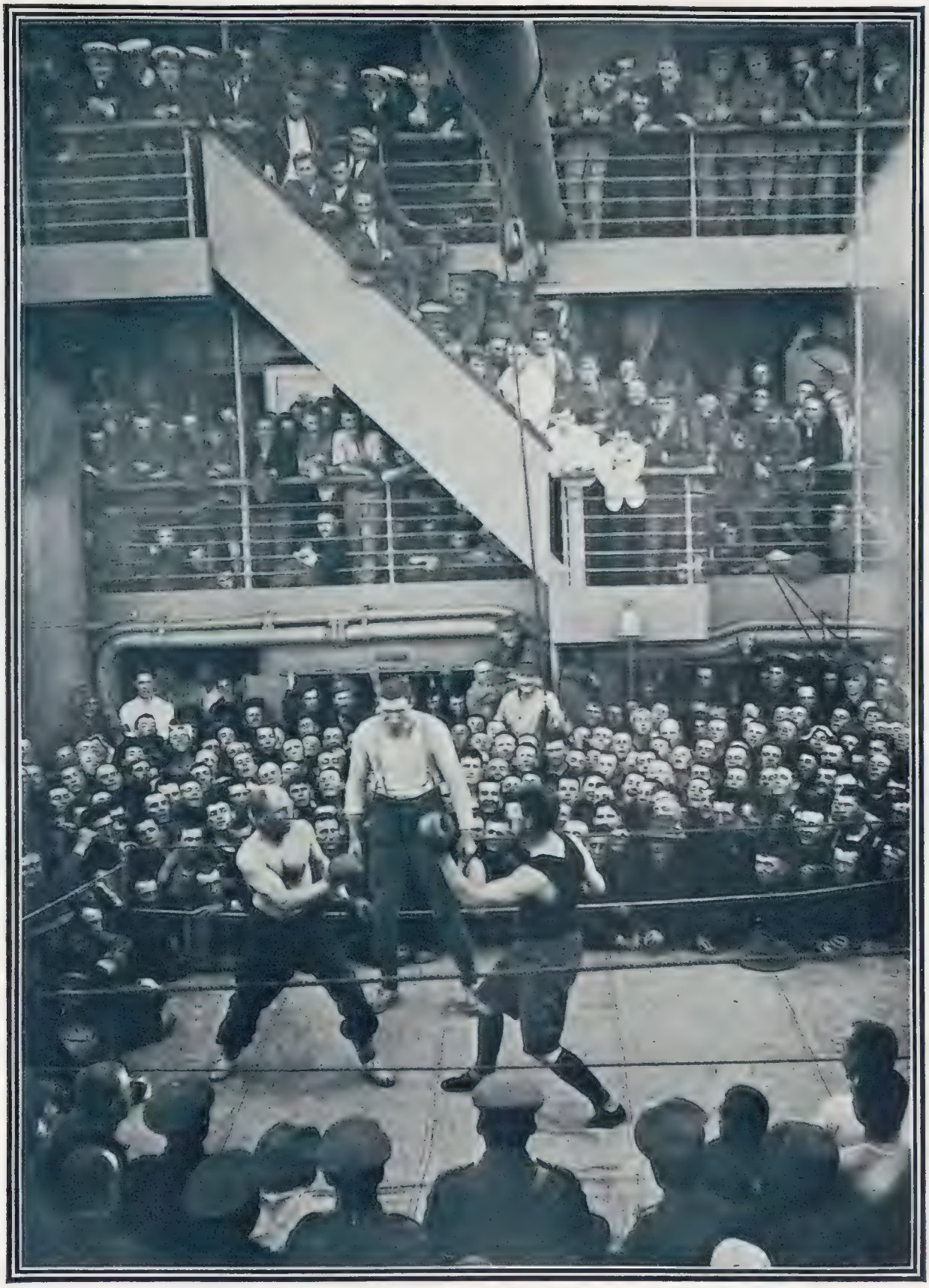
"He worked day and night, and saved I don't know how many lives"

have made him a Colonel of the R.A.M.C. for the duration of the war, but he ought to have at lease a knighthood and the Victorian Order and the Légion d'Honneur. Possibly he will get them, but he will never ask for them." "Then," she said, sipping her wine and looking very happy, "then I really *am* in the middle of it, after all. Have the others——?" "Every man jack of them," I said. She opened

"And yet you are all quite—quite ordinary people"

her eyes wide. They are very pretty eyes. "And yet," she said, looking round the room, "and yet you are all quite—quite——." "Quite ordinary people," said I. "That really is the extraordinary part about it." JOHN N. RAPHAEL

Getting Ready for the Real Knock-out



Tommies on a troopship keeping themselves fit and their comrades interested—and, one would judge, amused—by a boxing match: a fine training of hand, eye, and temper for "close work" in the trenches

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Misleading Lady" at the Playhouse

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE theme of this play is quite original, and it opens up a distinctly interesting course of speculation. Helen is a girl of more than ordinary beauty, and Jack is just the usual man accustomed to have his own way in most things. For some time Helen encourages Jack's attentions; but when, hopelessly caught in the net, he asks her to marry him, she replies mockingly that she has won his love only by way of a joke to test her powers of fascination, and that that is all there is to it. Jack, however, is of opinion that the question is quite a debatable one; and he states his case with some ingenuity. It does not seem to him to be fair that Helen should be allowed to lure him to disaster by a designing display of her attractions, while she is protected by law and custom from his superior brute force which can alone enable him to balance the account.

❋

JACK reminds Helen of the brave days of old, when victory was to the strong. There was the ceremony of marriage by capture, for instance. In that era of ruthless equity, when a girl had cast a spell over a man, he "spelled" back, as it were. He just knocked her on the head to keep her quiet, and ran off with her; and the honeymoon lasted as long as he could elude the vigilance of her pursuing relatives—who in most cases, probably, gave up the chase at a very early hour, only too pleased to think that they had got the girl off their hands at last. In these dull and drab days of severe convention, however, nothing so picturesque can happen. The thoughtless maiden may with complete immunity tempt her helpless admirer with a liberal exhibition of transparent hose, daintily denuded shoulder, and other allurements which women are wont to display more or less covertly for the purpose of demonstrating their power over weak and erring man. I sat out a play once in which a lively lady confessed that when she was a schoolgirl she used to stuff a couple of pocket-handkerchiefs into her bodice to convey the illusion of a riper charm; from which it is clear that the feminine love of conquest is so strong that even in extreme youth the girls will, as Shakespeare says, assume the virtue if they have it not.

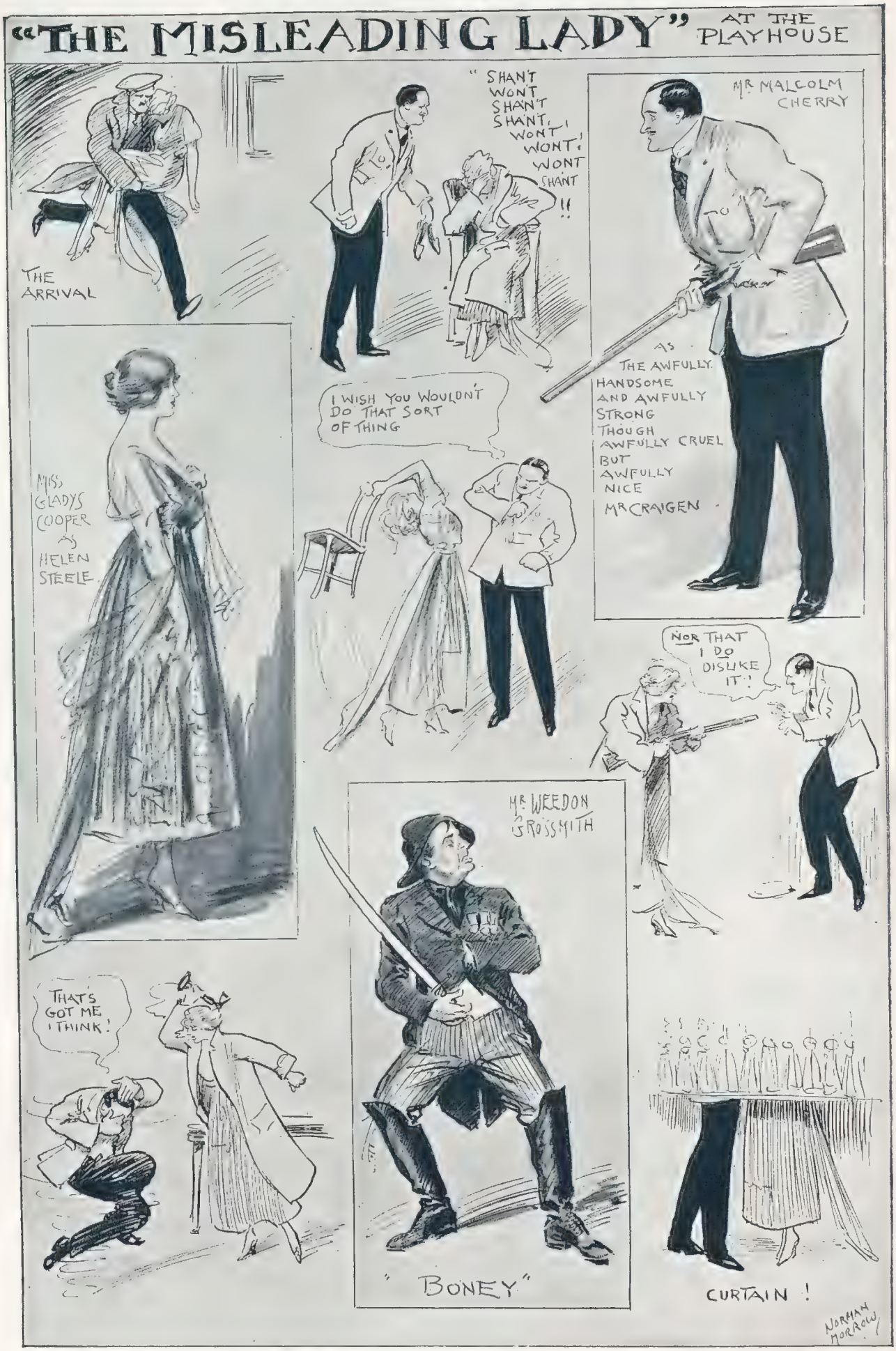
ASKING FOR TROUBLE

JACK, stung by the heartless conduct of Helen, presents his argument as above outlined, and then decides to retaliate in kind. A woman's strength lies in her power of fascination; a man's in his good right arm. Common justice demands that opponents in the great game of sex-attraction should meet on equal terms, each to each; and with a view to the establishment of this Arcadian rule of life, Jack throws his overcoat over Helen's head, and then picks her up and dumps her into his motor-car, gently but firmly stifling her frantic screams for mother. The next scene takes place in a shack in the mountains—Jack's holiday residence. Helen is carried into the living-room and chained by the ankle to the wall. There's nothing like keeping these women in their place! An able French writer once said that he could never sympathise with women who were betrayed by men. He declared that they devote all their energies to the task of luring men into their toils, and if they finally have to pay the bill, it serves them right. A little severe, perhaps, especially as the girls really can't help it. They are only victims of the law of natural selection that enslaves us all—with the exception, perhaps, of an occasional Bishop or an elderly military gent or so.

❋

AS the scene of the play is laid in America, the six-shooter naturally is a good deal in evidence from time to time. The young man to whom Helen is really affianced is reported to be on his way over the mountains loaded for bear, or something of that sort; and this makes the situation beautifully exciting. But, of course, it all comes right in the end. Perhaps the most charming feature of the play is the very able performance of Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the harmless lunatic Boney, so called because he imagines he is Bonaparte on the eve of Waterloo, obsessed by the fear that Wellington may, after all, reach Quatre Bras. Boney takes a large share in the proceedings at the shack, and his quaint pathos and quiet humour are quite delightful. For myself I enjoyed the play immensely, and I am glad to certify that there is nothing in it that could shock the delicate susceptibilities of even the British officer on leave, who seems for the moment to have usurped in our midst the place of the Girl of Fifteen.

JINGLE

Petruchio Up-to-Date

In the "Misleading Lady" the Playhouse has secured a thoroughly thrilling modern version of "Taming of the Shrew"; but Mr. Weedon Grossmith's impersonation of a harmless lunatic, though it has little or nothing to do with the plot, is the real gem of the performance

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

NOTE BY EDITOR.—*The intention of these letters is to clear up to our French friends some of the mysteries of life in "Blighty." Our contributor is well known in Paris, where he has discharged important duties, and is now similarly engaged in London.*

"DO THEY KNOW . . . ?"

CHER AMI—

OLD Pierre Deschamps rang me up on the telephone yesterday, and said: "*J'y suis*—come and dine." I went: delighted to hear his jovial voice again after a year's absence from the sound of his laughter. Pierre is, as you know, a much-travelled man, wise with the years; but one who deceives himself into thinking he knows England *comme un anglais*. He does not, as his first words proved. Pierre is, to my mind, a very good advertisement for the brand known as "a broad-minded Frenchman." I was somewhat perplexed, therefore, when I saw his troubled face emerging from the lift at the Piccadilly Hotel, and heard him say, as he grasped my hand: "*Diable, je suis content de te voir puisque je suis absolument égaré.*" The evening papers were full of the glories of Verdun; Vaux had come into its own again; we were wading steadily through the mud on the Somme; things were "bullish," as the Stock Exchange would say. So, puzzled, I asked the cause of his bewilderment. And the Deschamps deluge descended upon me—you know the kind! He began by saying, in a frenzied voice: "Do they *know* there is a war on, these people of yours—do they *know?*" He waved an excited hand towards the crowded Lounge. He had, it seemed, been lunching at the Savoy. "*Nom de Dieu*, the place was *en fête.*" He couldn't get a table. He had been to see his agents up in Newcastle yesterday. They were spending money like water up there; quite *bourgeois* people were "swathed in furs." Fellow-passengers drank champagne in the train back. He had tried three theatres last night—they were all full. He had squeezed into a fourth with difficulty—2,000 people rocked with laughter at a red-nosed comedian. He had tried to book a table for us to-night at the Eldorado—they would reserve nothing after 6.45! Were we all mad, *mon vieux?* Fearful for my country's reputation, I thereupon took old Pierre Deschamps in hand. For he would have returned to Bordeaux to-morrow with this impression in his mind. There may be others of a like countenance. Pass this letter on, Jacques.

❋ ❋

NO, we are not mad. Indeed, there never was a saner England in all the phases of her turbulent history than the England of 1916. Do we know? Yes, we know well enough, my French friends. There is not a shepherd tending sheep on the lonely heights of Skye that has not felt something of the bitterness of loss. There is not a woodman felling trees in the still Devon valleys who has not seen the track that war tears make down wrinkled cheeks. It is true, we have not had a ruthless enemy scratching bestial insults in the plaster of our garden walls within eighteen miles of our country's capital—as you have. We have not had our peaceful meadows upturned by burial-parties, or flung skyward by shell—as you have. But we, too, have lost. There is no counting in mere numbers the measure of our loss, gentlemen of France.

❋ ❋

THIS atmosphere of fête days and nights in our big cities, which puzzle Frenchmen so, is, after all, very natural. Detach yourself and look down, metaphorically, from a height upon our West End at night. What do you see? Soldiers and sailors of all ranks and ratings on leave. The hectic eight days. Men come back from the stench and foulness of Flanders and the Somme; from the cold and dreariness of grey seas and their interminable watchings. Their womenfolk come out from the depleted homes, from the silent rooms where only the photograph remains. The mothers and wives and wives-to-be it is who fill our grill-rooms, our Regent Streets, and our music-halls. For eight days (often less) the shrouds of suspense are thrown aside, and there is some brief happiness, portrayed in the clatter of noisy restaurant, the blare of orchestra, in the absorption of spending, in the taking no thought for the morrow. Can you blame them?

❋ ❋

CLIMB, in spirit, to a high roof in any of our northern towns. What do you see? You see some minute portion of these five millions, which the war is costing us *per diem*, being earned. It is a platitude to say that money rapidly earned is usually the more rapidly spent. There are masses of people in England to-day earning, regularly, more money in a week than they have been accustomed to earn in a month in normal times. This is an instance of the cynical humour of war. The fact that they are working at greater pressure, and with far greater strain now than formerly is all the more reason why, when the brief leisure hours come, the pendulum swings further back. It took me longer to convince Pierre that we realised war than it takes me to write it to you; because throughout our dinner and theatre together "prosperity" in every form and colour sat about and above us; and old Pierre felt its influence. But, by superhuman efforts, and all the eloquence at my command, I eventually dragged from him a sincere "*oui, je comprends maintenant.*" If there is any other compatriot of yours coming over who thinks as he did—let me know!

Toujours à toi, JOHN

"Fairly obvious, isn't it?"

"YOU can't expect proper combustion when your carburetter's choked. Same with cigarettes. You can't expect a decent smoke if the baccy's all bunged up with dust and bits. And many cigarettes are. Look inside and you'll see!

"That's one reason why I started smoking Kenilworths. They're so beautifully made.

"I like the flavour, too. There's something distinctly seductive about the special blend of golden Virginia they put into Kenilworths."

Some "oversized" cigarettes are padded out with cheap tobaccos of inferior quality, grown in other countries, and known in the trade as "substitutes." But Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of pure Virginia tobacco and nothing else.

Make sure of getting "the real thing in the right size"; ask for Kenilworths by name.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/- for 20; 2/4 for 50; 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/6 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us.

Postal Address: 12, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

COPE BROS. & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

Manufacturers of High-Class Cigarettes.

Magic and Spells

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

The Decay of Magic

IT is a pity that the practice of magic should have fallen into decay, for nothing adds so much to the spice and variety of everyday life. Of course, we still have our little ceremonies and observances; people throw pinches of salt over their left shoulders, are unhappy if they see the new moon through glass, decline to wear opals, and refuse, for obvious reasons, to walk under a ladder. Fortune-tellers flourish in our midst, you can still cross a gipsy's or a clairvoyante's palm with silver (the clairvoyante generally prefers paper, but no matter), and hear of a letter from a dark man, a journey over the water with money at the end, and the jealousy and knavish tricks of a fair woman who is your implacable enemy. But all this is mere child's play; nobody, so far as I know, takes it very seriously.

"Unhappy if they see the new moon through glass"

The Fallacious Teacup

A FEW persons still profess to read your future or their own in cards or tea-leaves; but it is not very exciting—probably because one lacks conviction. My own experiences have not been very encouraging; the long love-letter from a gentleman predicted for Wednesday next by the tea-leaves invariably turns out to be a tradesman's bill, and the fat legacy promised by the cards, if it materialises at all, does so in the shape of a parcel of old clothes to be passed on to some charitable society. I daresay the fault is mine; you can't expect Fortune or Chance to smile on those who have no faith.

The Modern Way

OF course, spells are worked every day, and very successfully, too, but we go about it in a dull, matter-of-fact fashion, entirely devoid of glamour. The modern damsel when she wishes to engage the affections of a particular young man never thinks of going to a witch and expending her savings on a magic love philtre or a charm. Oh, dear, no! She buys a new hat or an irresistibly becoming set of furs, or sets up a flirtation with somebody else, and leaves Nature to do the rest. Sometimes Nature obliges—but sometimes she doesn't, and if she proves refractory the girl has only herself to blame. With a philtre you at least could enjoy the comforting assurance of having left no stone unturned. Only a more powerful witch working in the interests of a female rival could defeat you. All the same, one wonders what the present-day young man would do, and say, were he to catch an aspiring lady in the act of mixing a magic potion with his coffee, his cocktail, or his port. Some people have an unaccountable objection to being the subject of an experiment.

Now—and Then

NOWADAYS about the worst one can do to a hated rival or any other enemy is to take away his or her character, and you have to be careful about that on account of the libel laws. Really, when you come to think of it, there is awfully little you can do to injure people you dislike, beyond cutting them and casting aspersions on their conduct. In the good old times

(Continued on page 362)

DORAKLEEN
COMPLEXION
DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD

Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties; it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-.**

FOR FLABBY SKINS

Crème Cléopâtre.—A new astringent which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues. It may be used at any time the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for face powder. Prices **3/6, 7/6,** and **15/-.**

FOR LONG EYELASHES

Apply at night the **Eyelash Cream,** and in quite a short time the lashes will have grown considerably longer and curly. Price **4/-.** In the day darken the lashes and brows with the **Fard Indienne,** and the size and beauty of the eye will be marvellously enhanced; giving the appearance of having been "put in with a smutty finger." Price **4/6.**

BAUME DU BARRI

A Balsam of great value to sportswomen and motorists, as it entirely prevents the disagreeable effects of undue exposure to extreme heat or cold on the skin of the face. A beautiful foundation for Face Powders. Price **4/6, 7/6** and **18/6.**

LIQUID DORAKLEEN

A very remarkable preparation, which not only effectively whitens the skin but takes away all appearance of oiliness or greasiness, and prevents disagreeable flushing of the nose or face. It is a boon to travellers, as it quickly cleanses the face from dust or other impurities. Prices **7/6** and **15/-.**

HAIR DESTROYER

A depilatory which can be trusted to quickly remove a growth of hair on the face, without any injury to the skin. Price **6/6.**

DORAKLEEN SKIN TONIC

Tones and braces the skin in a marvellous manner, is antiseptic, soothing, and cleansing. Price **3/6, 5/6** and **18/-.** **SPECIAL SKIN TONIC** for dry skins, or those suffering from the effects of heat or cold, **6/6** and **12/6.**

BOOKLET POST FREE.

DORAKLEEN

57, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE, W.

'PHONE—MAYFAIR 4160.

Quilts and Blankets

WARMTH with lightness—that is the secret of ***healthy*** bed coverings, and lightness, if it is to include warmth, means excellent quality of wool and down.

On high quality of materials and on high standard of workmanship was built, and is sustained, the 100 years' reputation of

Heal & Son Ltd

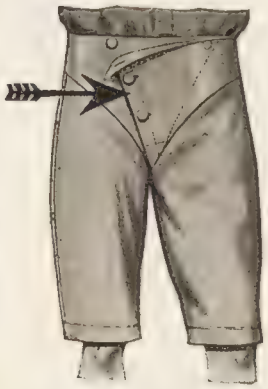
Ambrose Heal, Managing Director

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

Write for Catalogue

"For Winter in the Trenches"

Chamois Leather Drawers



Ensures perfect comfort with absolute warmth. The most suitable garment for all those exposed to damp, wind and cold throughout the winter campaign with the forces in the field.

Price 27/6 post free.

When ordering, please 'give waist' measurement.

Chamois Leather Jackets

Combines the maximum amount of warmth with the minimum of weight, whilst the leather being very smooth, the jacket can be worn underneath the tunic without disarranging the fit or causing the least discomfort or lack of freedom in movement.

PRICE { **UNLINED 30/-** / **LINED 32/6** } **Post free**

ALSO IN CHROME LEATHER-LINED FLEECE FOR AVIATORS, £3 3 0

Chamois Leather Socks

Ensure perfect circulation and absolute warmth. They entirely do away with Frost-Bite, and have proved the greatest comfort and protection to Officers at the Front.

Price 9/- post free.

When ordering, please state size of boot worn.

TURNBULL AND ASSER

Military and Sporting Outfitters,

71-72, JERMYN ST. (*5 Doors from St. James's St.*) **LONDON, S.W.**

Telegrams—"Paddywhack, London." Telephone—4628 Gerrard.

MAGIC AND SPELLS (concluded from page 360)

you stabbed your enemy, or if you were fastidious and the sight of blood made you feel faint, you hired a professional assassin to do the stabbing, or else you used poison. There must have been a good deal of satisfaction in taking the law into one's own hands in that hearty, downright fashion.

"She buys a new hat or an irresistibly becoming set of furs"

Genteel Revenge

In these degenerate times we are too squeamish for that sort of thing. Killing is a messy sort of business, either by knife or poison. Some people always were too squeamish, and to these magic was the solution of many difficulties. By means of it you could sit quietly by your own fire side and do your enemy to death in as genteel a manner as possible. Or if death seemed too severe a penalty you could cast a spell just strong enough to bring some form of bad luck. If a farmer had offended you, you made his cows' tails drop off; if you disliked his wife, day after day you turned all the milk in her dairy sour.

❀ ❀

Some Simple Spells

It is a pity that the fashion has gone out. Supposing a woman were to ruffle your temper by copying your latest frock or failing to return your leads at bridge, how agreeable and easy it would be to get even with her by simply muttering a spell that would cause her Peke's tail to wilt away over night! You could cast a blight over her entire household by sticking two nails cross-wise into a lemon, with, of course, the correct accompanying formula, and putting the baleful object on the lintel of her door. And any bachelor of misogynist tendencies could effectively clear his path of match-making mammas and their predatory daughters by spreading the report that he possessed the evil eye, even if he did not care to go so far as to cultivate the thing itself. Yes, it is a pity that we have allowed these simple, homely little arts to die out.

❀ ❀

The Last Resort

We could save on our doctor's bills and improve our luck at gambling by wearing amulets. True, we do have mascots, but what feeble things they are! Fads, at best; there is no mystery about them. Could anyone conjure up a feeling of awe for a billiken or a jade charm, however reputedly lucky? Or would anyone in his or her senses really put faith in such a prosaic object? That is because there is no magic about it—in fact, the only magic we have left us is the poet's or novelist's magic of a woman's glance, or voice, and that does not always work by any means, not even on the reader.

❀ ❀

The Hindenburg Spell

No magic is infallible, otherwise Hindenburg would be dead long ago and Essen in ruins. Everybody has heard of the old practice of getting rid of an enemy by making a wax image of the obnoxious person and sticking pins into it until the original dies. Of course, the colossal images of Hindenburg and the Spirit of Essen are made of wood, not wax, and their German devotees drive nails instead of pins into them, but that, to my mind, ought only to make the spell stronger. Perhaps the true explanation is that magic, after long disuse, is a little slow in getting up steam. I rather incline to that theory, and I look forward to the day when the spell will begin to work. It is a curious spectacle: a whole people who pique themselves on their superior culture, unwittingly using a deadly magic spell against their two most cherished idols! It will not be the Germans' fault if both Hindenburg and the Spirit of Essen do not collapse with a noise like thunder. Indeed, it is to laugh.

"Magic of a woman's glance"

EFEMERA

Born 1820
—still going strong.

The old proverb says:—"Believe not all you hear, and tell not all you believe."

But you can believe all you hear about "Johnnie Walker," and tell all you believe.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

BELLICOSITIES

THEY call King Facing-Both-Ways of Athens "Guarantino" now. But those who have taken his measure most accurately are careful to warn us that the accent is on the "no."

❋

WHEN the Boches protested that, "according to schedule," they had evacuated Fort Vaux as no longer worth holding, it was a sturdy British commentator, unversed in the niceties of French pronunciation, who found in the excuse "an obvious case of the Vaux and the grapes."

❋

AND now all we want to know is how long it will be before the methodical Huns decide to complete their programme by accepting defeat all round, and throwing up the sponge "according to schedule."

❋

AFTER more than two years of war it has just been discovered that an enemy perfumery company has been freely trading in this country. Strange that it should have taken the authorities so long to get on the scent.

❋

ON the day of Mr. Ginnell's temporary retirement from public life a depressed patriot was observed studying a newspaper placard which bore the bold legend: "An M.P. Goes to Gaol." "*What—only one of them?*" he muttered, as he turned disconsolately away.

❋

ASKED by the local tribunal what he would do if the Germans came to shoot his wife, a Liverpool man replied that he would invite them to sit down to a cup of tea. But we really don't like to believe that his experience of married life can have been *quite* as bad as all that.

❋

TO preserve new-laid eggs by treating them with boiling oil is recommended as a useful measure of war economy. Possibly a still more useful one would be to treat a few "food profiteers" in a similar manner.

❋

THE suggested further employment of our "coloured manpower" might conceivably be the cause of some little trouble to ourselves. But what is that to the black prospect it would present to the enemy?

❋

A POTATO-GROWER in Lincolnshire is said to have lately cleared a profit of £63,000 from a thousand acres. His potatoes must have been singularly fine ones, judging from the amount of their yield when converted into "chips."

❋

WHO is Lord Robert Cecil's favourite heroine in fiction? Why "Little Emily," of course.

❋

BY the way, Lord Robert says that no one is more conscious of the defects of the present Government than every member of it.

(*Continued on page 366*)

Mappin & Webb LTD.
Silversmiths to His Majesty King George V.

12 pairs of Pearl Handled Dessert Knives and Forks, in Polished Oak Case, Prince's Plate Blades.
£6 10 0
In Sterling Silver, £10 15 0

12 pairs of Ivory Handled Fish Knives and Forks, in Polished Oak Case, Prince's Plate Blades
£6 12 6
In Sterling Silver, £12 15 0

"Prince's Plate"

172, REGENT STREET, W
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Manufactory and Showrooms: ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.
Branches at PARIS, MONTREAL, ROME, JOHANNESBURG, Etc.

Mirth maker-in-Chief to the Navy & Army

AWAY out in the North Sea, yonder in the Trenches, in Camps and in Hospitals without number, a vast army of Deccas is providing mirth and music for ever-vaster armies of delighted listeners.

ALL RANKS in both Services are as one in their appreciation of the Decca. Its superb tone, its loud, clear reproduction, give it absolute and incontestable supremacy among portable instruments. Indeed so truly musical is the Decca, that even in the home it is being preferred to the far more costly Cabinet and Horn machines. But for Active Service, when portability is as essential as musical quality, no other gramophone is comparable with the Decca. This is so well recognised that at the Front there are far more Deccas than all other makes combined.

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

The Decca is made on an entirely new principle, and owes much of its musical merit to the patent "Dulciflex"—a sound-deflecting bowl. This bowl deflects and multiplies the tone from the sound box so wonderfully that in spite of its small size the Decca gives a louder and clearer reproduction than any hornless gramophone made.

The Decca is ready to play the instant opened; there are no loose parts; no case is needed; and all makes and sizes of needle records can be played.

In Leather Cloth Case	Compressed Fibre Case.	Solid Cowhide Case,
£4 10s. 0d.	£5 10s. 0d.	£8 8s. 0d.

Of Harrod's, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers.

Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—

THE DULCEPHONE CO.
34 Worship Street, London, E.C.

BELLICOSITIES (*concluded from page* 364)

Perhaps he exaggerates, but we may admit that in this regard the country and the Government are in full accord.

⁂

SOME rude person in an aeroplane nearly dropped a bomb on the Kaiser. The old dear talked about reprisals. Well, he may have to fly yet.

⁂

"LET us," says President Wilson, "stand by the little nations that need to be stood by." Yes, let's! But do it now. It's no use standing by and by.

⁂

THERE are complaints of church bells being rung while munition-workers are resting. Really, if people must ring things, let them wring their hands, or each other's necks, quietly.

⁂

JOB'S comforters were "not in it" with Food Minister von Batocki, who "hopes" that during the coming winter "there will be no starvation, generally speaking." It should buck up the Boches enormously to have this modified assurance that, with luck, their whole nation may not perish of hunger, after all!

LOOPING THE LOOP

"There would be such wonderful things to do ——"

⁂

A SYMPATHISER with General Smith-Dorrien's views on *revues* protests that the only way to stop the mischief at its source is for a representative of the censorship to be regularly present at one or more of the undress rehearsals.

⁂

THE Bulgars have told our Yeomanry patrols that they do not want to fight us, and that if we leave them alone they will leave us alone. They are not the only people who object to fighting us. They will find in the end, however, that it is not always well to be left—alone.

THE "DESPATCH RIDER"

"We haven't much money, but we do see life," as a wise Johnny once put it. Bumping along on the old jigger at 40 miles an hour, dodging old petrol cans, and other rubbish, doing the "outside edge" round Jack Johnson holes, and Boches a mile or two ahead or in the rear—yes, it may be good exercise, but it's a bit rough on the nerves. However, I've found an A 1 "nerve soother"—Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes. One or two at the end of each little jaunt and you feel fit enough to take the whole German Army on.

CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES.

20 for 9d., 50 for 1/10½, 100 for 3/9.

We will post 200 "Army Club" Cigarettes to all members of our Expeditionary Forces for 6/-, specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's. Order from your Tobacconist, or direct from CAVANDER'S, Glasgow. London Postal Address: 167, Strand, London, W.C.

Cavander's "Army" Mixture is absolutely pure. 7½d. per oz.

A wealth *of* fragrance

Is contained in every bottle of Yardley's famous Eau de Cologne.

There is no other make combining this supreme quality as a perfume with the refreshing and invigorating properties of the genuine essence-like

Yardley's
Eau de Cologne

Although the best—it costs no more

4-oz. Bottle, as illustrated, price **2/6**
Wickered Bottles, **4/-, 7/6, 15/-, 30/-**

The name is the Hallmark of Quality

Yardley

8 New Bond Street, W

And of all High-class Chemists and Stores.

In Argentina

the sales of Lea & Perrins' Sauce continue to increase year by year.

This famous sauce is universally esteemed both by the gaucho of the prairie and the city man of Buenos Ayres.

Owing to its QUALITY, a few drops only of Lea & Perrins' Sauce are sufficient to make even the plainest fare appetizing and enjoyable.

Observe the signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

in white across the red label on every bottle.

I mean to recommend him

The life of many a pair of valuable boots has been saved by the timely assistance of Meltonian Cream.

The finest materials only are used in its manufacture, but only the minimum quantity is required to give the best result. Applied lightly, it makes the leather supple, prevents cracking, and gives it a lustrous appearance.

MeltonianCream

is the polish for black footwear. But for brown boots and shoes, leggings, belts, etc., use

LutetianCream

It is made in three shades of brown and has all the good qualities of Meltonian Cream.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send a postcard for nearest retailer's address to

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd., 7, Garrick St., London, W.C

In the Trench—and Afterwards

THERE is a lull in the attack, and, save for an occasional shell bursting unpleasantly near, there is "nothing doing." The men in the Trench let their minds run on matters more pleasant than fighting.

"I get my leave to-morrow, if I'm lucky," says one.

"Touch wood, Jim," says another; "how long?"

"Week!"

"Well — wish you luck, suppose you'll call in at the Club?"

"Ay! ay! That's my bee-line from the train, mate. A jolly good tub, a jolly good feed, and a *bed*, my boy! A *real* bed with smooth white sheets to get between. Makes your mouth water, doesn't it?"

"Don't pile it on, Jim."

"Cheer O, laddie! It'll be your turn, soon."

. . . .

Jim steps from the train as it slows up at Waterloo, throws his pack over his shoulder, and strides off. The City this night looks a sorry place to some, with its dismal lights and weeping sky, but Jim feels the thrill of London in his veins The Club will rest him and feed him, and then, refreshed, he can continue his journey to that little village in the North that saw his birth.

He crosses the road to the Union Jack Club, hands over his kit to the cloak-room attendant, and turns to the booking-office. He tingles with expectancy. The congenial warmth of the Club, its comforts, its good-fellowship, delight him.

"Yes, sir?" says the attendant.

"I want a bed for to-night," says Jim.

"Sorry," answers the attendant, "we are crowded out. The '——' came to port to-day, and her men have filled us up."

Jim feels "downed." London suddenly becomes a heartless, lonely spot. He is just one of its millions—unheeded, unconsidered. He must wander that labyrinth of mean streets around Waterloo in search of a bed. What kind of a house will he find? What kind of a bed?

. . . .

Is it fair to our men—our bravest and best on sea and land, that there is not ample accommodation for them at the Union Jack Club? The answer rests with every citizen of the Empire. Now, at once, must the Union Jack Club be enlarged. The site is already secured—the plans have been prepared—just as soon as the funds for the building are obtained the good work will go forward. Much has already been received—but more is urgently needed. Will YOU give?

The extension of the Union Jack Club before the war was so imperatively needed that a site was secured and the plans designed. Since the war the need has become overwhelming. The Club is entirely self-supporting, but the building must be provided.

Help

The Extension Fund

of the

UNION JACK CLUB

The Club with

Five Million Members.

The Greatest of all Personal and National Memorials to our Heroic Sailors and Soldiers.

Patron-in-Chief:
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President:
Colonel Sir E. W. D. WARD, Bt., K.C.B., K.C.V.O.

Hon. Treasurer:
G. J. MARJORIBANKS, Esq.

Secretary to Council and Controller of Club:
Major H. F. WILKINSON.

Send any sum from 1/- to £1,000 to G. J. Marjoribanks, Esq. Hon. Treasurer, Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, London, S.E.

H. E. MORGAN.
Hon. Organiser of Extension Fund.

What's Wrong with the Commons?

BY A MILITARIST ON LEAVE

"A young man in tweeds with untidy hair"

If it should ever fall to my lot to be burdened with an intelligent foreigner who wished to see Parliament sitting I would not let him see Parliament sitting.

But this much I would do. I would take him as far as the Lobby. I would show him those reverend gentlemen in knee-breeches who, I can still scarcely believe, are known as messengers.

"These," I would say, "these are some of our members. Are they not truly dignified?" And as he marvelled that exquisite little procession in which Mr. Speaker is the central figure would pass by; and before the grave command: "Hats off, strangers!" had ceased to vibrate through the air I should pretend to fall down in a fit, and implore the distinguished foreigner to see me home.

So that he would have of Parliament only the most grave and noble impressions, of stained glass and ritual, of sober and distinguished persons, and white shirt-fronts.

He would never know—as, alas! I do now—what Parliament is really like, and by having kept this knowledge from him I should have most loyally served my country.

He would never have seen what I have seen—a young man in tweeds with untidy hair sitting, or, rather, lying, with his feet stuck up against the table where sit those two imposing gentlemen in wigs, his hands in his pockets, talking to the Prime Minister of Great Britain in the House of Commons! It's all very well to have Mr. Speaker there on his little throne looking the very incarnation of pomp and dignity; but, after all, you know, my dear Bystander, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and one cannot sit with one's eyes perpetually glued to Mr. Speaker!

And to look anywhere else is to invite disillusionment, to receive impressions that utterly

(Continued on page 370)

"Flabby from the effects of a sedentary life"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE COMMONS? (continued from page 369)

"That solemnity of demeanour"

destroy all one's previous conceptions.

Even Mr. Speaker himself was not inviolable. I saw members stroll up to his throne, lean their elbows on his sacred desk, engage him in conversation as lightly as a dweller in the suburbs will dally with a barmaid. True it is that he, in some marvellous way, lost none of his dignity thereby, neither did they, for they had none; but still, the sight struck me as deplorable.

And the behaviour of the House in general brought me to the verge of tears. In common with most other simple people, I have always thought of the Prime Minister as one who, in Parliament at least, stood in a sort of splendid isolation and made interminable speeches, and that around him sat the Members of the House listening in respectful attention, if not always complete agreement.

"They talk to one another, they lounge and sprawl and fidget most damnably"

Yet what in effect do they do? They fiddle with their hats, they shuffle with their feet, they yawn most horribly, they talk to one another, they lounge and sprawl, and fidget most damnably.

Where is that solemnity of demeanour that one has learnt from our more popular playwrights and novelists to associate with those two sacred letters, M.P.? These men do not look like Members of Parliament. They look what they are—men grown flabby and querulous from the effect; of a sedentary life; men who, having struggled and flattered and intrigued to realise their dreams, suffer from the disillusionment of waking up.

Any soldier could tell you within a minute of entering the House what is the matter—lack of discipline; the need of physical exercises every day; a drill-sergeant of the starchiest description.

To the devil with all this sprawling and yawning and these unmannerly interruptions! Think of the House as it might be, all tuned-up to that magnificent little procession of which I spoke just now! Think of what the function of the Whips might be—Whips that had been now chastening with the scorpions of the Army Drill Book!

What, my dear Bystander, was the Terrace made for? "Tea," I hear you weakly murmur. Not a bit of it. For forming fours; left wheel and right wheel, and all those noble evolutions that make the British soldier what he is.

At present the whole House suffers from the same complaint. It is the most deadly ailment that a statesman can suffer from; it is a complaint that prejudices the mind and distorts the vision. It is the most peevish and detestable complaint. In a word—Liver!

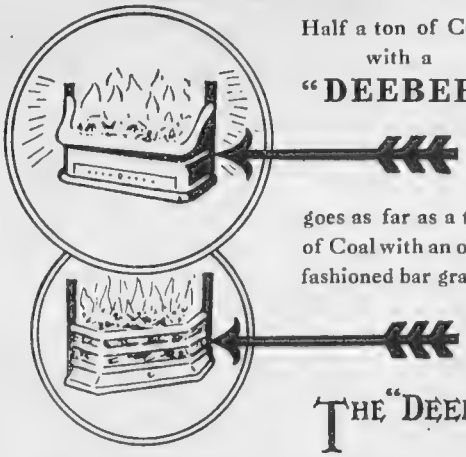
With drill, with physical exercise, this dread monster might be exorcised, might be for ever vanquished. Temporary disadvantages would appear, it is true. Members would be confused and embarrassed at finding their speeches listened to, and at first the House would seem strangely silent owing to the cessation of those yawnings, conversations, nose-blowings, sighs, etc. But these are minor points, and Members would soon settle down to the new conditions.

Between men in perfect physical health there would cease to be those pitiful little outbursts of spleen that a cynical Press refers to as "scenes." A member who continued speaking after the Speaker had risen would be punished not by being cursed by his fellow-members like a cat surprised in nocturnal song, but later, in a quiet corner of the Terrace, with a pair of dumb-bells.

And in this rejuvenated and disciplined community those two sacred letters, M.P., should once more come into their own.

"In a quiet corner of the Terrace"

"The DEEBEE" BARLESS FIRE
is a GENUINE Coal Saver.



Half a ton of Coal with a "DEEBEE"

goes as far as a ton of Coal with an old-fashioned bar grate.

THE "DEEBEE"

Is scientifically constructed, not only to save half your coal, but also to save Labour and Money, giving greater heat as well as an IMPROVED APPEARANCE to the fireplace.

THE SIMPLEST OF COAL-SAVERS.

No coal-saving fireclay appliances or chemical mixtures required. Will fit any grate from which the front bars can be detached. **You can fix it yourself without tools in two minutes.**

When ordering give the width of the inside fire space (that is across the front), also the height of the bottom grating from the hearth. Sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom for **20/-**

If not satisfied after a week's trial, return it carriage paid, and we will refund your money

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MUSICAL NOTES

THE CARNEGIE TRUST

SOMEBODY once said about religions that they could never, in any circumstances, be better than those who practised them; and I would take leave to extend the aphorism to include charitable bequests, trusts, and all other devices intended to promote some object or other. For instance, if a man leaves a large sum of money to provide for the suppression of alcoholic liquor, he is, in practice, almost completely bound by the tastes and prejudices of those who carry out the terms of his will. If they like claret, they will, in time, find a way to favour claret and penalise beer. If they are fanatical teetotallers, their interpretation of his meaning will be fanatical; if they are moderate, it will not; and, needless to say, they will, in either case, always find the best of reasons for justifying whatever their personal idiosyncrasies impel them to do.

⁂ ⁂

IT may be as well to remember this in considering the Carnegie Trust, the latest endowment intended to benefit the young British composer. The Trust is going to enable him to print his more serious music when publishers play the Levite and pass him by—to be the Good Samaritan generally. That is good—and may be splendid. It entirely depends on the persons who administer the Trust. I say it is good in any event, because so very little money is spent on music in England that the mere fact of there being more to spend is almost bound to do some good to somebody. If a man is starving any food seems palatable.

⁂ ⁂

BUT the precise amount of good that may be done depends on whether the trustees are good, bad, or indifferent. Suppose that all our academic Beckmessers get appointed! The result will be that a lot of dry-as-dust music that would otherwise find welcome obscurity in a drawer will attain to the publicity of print. True, nobody will buy it, but the result will bring no positive good to anybody and may do positive harm—to the rival composer, for instance, who failed to please the Beckmessers. And precisely the same danger, the other way about, would ensue from the appointment of rabid modernists. After all, musicians are not likely to forget that there exists already a charitable and musical bequest, founded with the best possible intentions, which does not, to say the least, command the ardent support of music-enthusiasts.

⁂ ⁂

IT is invidious, of course, to look a gift-horse in the mouth, and no British musician should be anything but grateful for the Carnegie Trust. Unfortunately, so few of us feel disposed to trust the Trust—unless we ourselves have the running of it!

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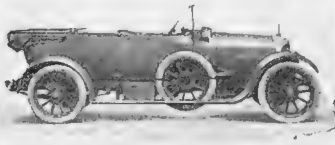

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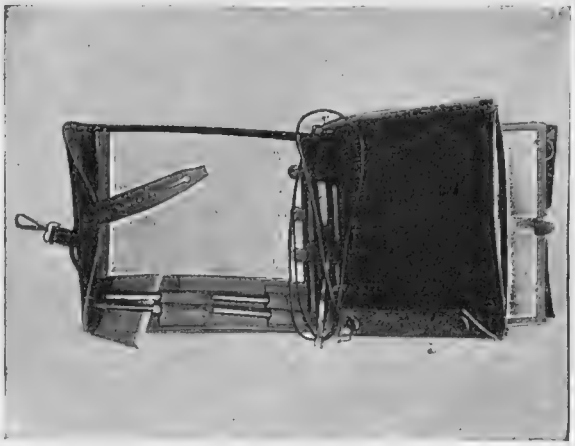
RECONNAISSANCE MAP CASE

As recommended by *"Land and Water"* in "Choosing Kit," *April 10th*, 1915.



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Books of the Week

LOCKE'S LATEST NOVEL

Mr. J. Locke

In a recent article by Stephen Graham we learnt that the latest British novelist to be whole-heartedly appreciated in Russia was Mr. W. J. Locke, and it would be interesting to know just what Russian readers think of his fairy-like creations. In his books you may always be certain that his men and women will do the most extraordinary things in the world in the coolest possible way. Mr. Locke's people are Mr. Locke's very own, and, fortunately for everybody concerned, they are exactly the sort of folk you want to read about.

"The Wonderful Year"

So in *The Wonderful Year* (Lane: 6*s.*) there is the amazing Mr. Fortinbras, who charges you five francs—no longer does he practise in so matter-of-fact country as England—for solving your difficulties and making you happy. What a splendid profession! And when the rather ungracious Corinne Hastings and the ingenuous ex-schoolmaster, Martin Ovenshaw, hand over their five francs and are bidden to go on a bicycle journey into provincial France to find their souls, you know that Mr. Locke is going to enjoy himself in that country, which he knows almost as intimately as his own. Moreover, you are not surprised to hear that Martin doffs all his University training and becomes the perfect waiter under the most delightful of French innkeepers (descended from a brigadier-general); indeed, you are obliged to accept the rather astonishing news, if for no other reason than that Mr. Locke tells you it is true. And waiting, in spite of the tips—that wily old Fortinbras insists on Martin accepting the tips—and in spite of the grease, in Mr. Locke's hands becomes the most desirable of all professions. But there comes a Divinity from America *viâ* Paris, and Martin leaves his pots and pans for Egypt. You will certainly follow his unusual adventures with delight, and believe anything that Mr. Locke tells you of them. That is the charm of his wizardry.

Further East

A new Russian book is Miss Czaplicka's *My Siberian Year* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The time has really passed when there is any excuse for an Englishman to regard Siberia as a vast prison, with unnameable horrors, tucked away "somewhere in Asia." Siberia alone is bigger than Europe. Miss Czaplicka's travels were extensive, but the greater part of her most interesting book concerns itself with those little known provinces in the north, where strange people still "shamanize" and suffer under curses and retain many primitive old customs, which the writer describes with great charm. The book, as was the writer's intent, has an obvious anthropological value, but it should also appeal to the general reader. Living in England, it is hard to believe that such quaint people as Miss Czaplicka met and made friends with can really be living to-day.

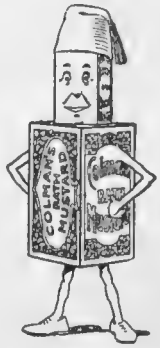
R. S.

let your curtains and blinds flack in the night with a light in the room.

NEVERTHELESS—
YOU CAN USE
ROYAL
EDISWAN
DRAWN WIRE LAMPS

There is no reason why you should not enjoy the finest possible light in your home.

The best ten minutes of the day is spent in a Mustard Bath—a bath to which you have added a tablespoonful or so of mustard. It clears the system, brings a glorious glow to the skin and a splendid sense of rest and refreshment to brain and body.



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"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

S.H.B.

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Officers' Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready for Use

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that a Weatherproof can undergo is a campaign involving exposure to every kind of weather for months on end, and it is under such conditions that THE TIELOCKEN BURBERRY proves itself "the most effectual safeguard ever invented."

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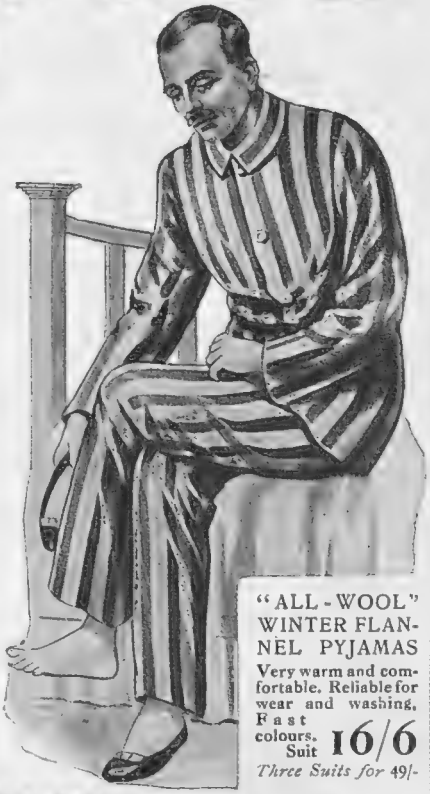

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Very warm and comfortable. Reliable for wear and washing. Fast colours. Suit **16/6**
Three Suits for 49/-

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The Devil's Own Versatility

BOXING AND MUSIC IN CAMP AT BERKHAMSTED

When I was invited to run down for an evening to Berkhamsted, to witness a boxing competition and to hear a concert at the training quarters of the Inns of Court O.T.C., I asked myself: Is this the long-expected warning of the End? Is this well-known corps suddenly changing its rôle and training its members for—Peace? Boxing, music—what have these to do with war?

❀ ❀

I went, I saw, and I understood. Boxing is regarded by the officers of the "Devil's Own" as an essential part of the training of a soldier. Some persons, it seems, have regarded the sport askance, associating it with broken noses and black eyes and other vulgarities which detract from the dignity of the wearer of the King's coat. They are wrong. Noses and eyes of that description are abnormalities of boxing. I saw myself three vigorously conducted bouts, and no one of the six contestants looked any the worse for what he had received. *Au contraire.*

❀ ❀

In a witty speech, Lieut. Hooper convinced his audience that the only person who usually got seriously hurt in boxing was the boxing-instructor, who, while engaged in watching for faults of style and stance was liable to get, from the watchful beginner, just what he did not want and wasn't there to take—punches, otherwise biffs. The net effect of boxing on the *moral* is claimed to be ideal. It teaches a man confidence in himself, which is the essential if he is to inspire confidence in others. *Q.E.D.*, etc. May boxing at Berkhamsted go on and prosper, and induce the needed "will to win" on the subsequent visit to France.

❀ ❀

As to music and its influence on the art of war, I don't know what are the views of high authorities. All I know is that the command at Berkhamsted has a musical soul, and has acquired the use, for the duration of the war, of some of the most competent musical bodies I have ever heard play. The conductor of the Inns of Court band is open to no reproach of a limited choice of *répertoire*. On the occasion in question he offered a large audience a "Russian Night," and very enjoyable it was, too, not least so because of the touch of humour which included in a "Russian" programme Sibelius's "Finlandia."

❀ ❀

When Bandmaster Sidney Payne has had a few more months to get the full tone out of his instruments, I prophesy that there will not be a better military band in the country than the "Devil's Own," whose appearance at a London concert-hall will, I hope, be arranged for one of these days.

Such varied joys as a boxing bout and a first-rate concert on the same evening suggest that for men of versatility the Inns of Court (which is under the command of Colonel Sinclair Thompson) is *the* corps to join. As Whistler would have said, it drills a little too, but let that pass.

V. C.

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SERVICE AFTER SALE AGAIN

Service Again

My notes on "service" have brought me a long and interesting letter from an A.S.C. Lieutenant B.E.F., one who, before the war, had much intimacy with motor vehicles, particularly the high-priced car. Generally my case enlists his support; but he wants me to go further and hammer the agent on the ground that he, the agent, is of the genus scallywag, whose eye is ever on what the American calls the "dough," and never on what we are trying to understand as service after sale—in our instance, naturally, the sale of motor-cars.

***

In Re the Agent

But I cannot hammer the agent just because he prefers to get rich as quickly as possible and with as little labour as possible. I should have to have the hammer of Thor and a good chunk of infinity to get round for a crack at all the fellows (agents and others) who sin in this degree. To pursue the line of least resistance is not a sin, but a law. Why should any man be expected to labour unnecessarily; meaning, why demand of him that he shall give more work in the interests of one manufacturer for less of a return than he can get from another manufacturer for less work? The manufacturer has got to give equal advantages for equal work; or he has got to do his own distributing job and provide his own service organisation. One or the other.

***

Where the M.T.A. Arrives

"I do not see," says my lieutenant, "where the Motor Trade Association could come in on this matter, because the agent, having lived without the M.T.A. for so long, could, if pressed, invite said M.T.A. to go to blazes." That, of course, is just what the agent couldn't do; because, unless he came on the line with the policy of manufacturers and agents expressed through the M.T.A., he could not get supplies of any sort from any member of that body; and that body happens at the moment to include nearly all the big money commodities in this country. The M.T.A. has, therefore, only to insert a service-after-sale clause in every agency contract (if that can be done on a basis of equity for agents), and the scheme is well launched. I will return to this matter again later. Meanwhile, thanks to Lieutenant A.S.C., B.E.F., for an instructive letter.

Sunbeam Success

One remarkable feature of the Sheepshead Bay race for the Astor Cup deserves more than a passing note. The two Sunbeams which competed gave, before going out of the competition, a twin speed performance specially notable. First Christaens, driving one Sunbeam, cracked record at 115 m.p.h.; and immediately thereafter Chevrolet, on the second Sunbeam, tied the time. I do not know whether this is not in itself a record, but as a suggestion of standardised speed-efficiency it will be hard to beat.

***

A Majority

The *Autocar* also achieves a double record. First it scores its twenty-first birthday, which is a record in motoring journalism in this country; and, second, it presents an issue which for interest of content and the harmless necessary "business" carried, establishes yet another record, particularly having regard to the times and conditions thereof. Congratulations.

***

Good Work

A word about the work of the Wounded Soldiers' Committee, of which Miss E. M. Sayer is so indefatigable an hon. secretary. This Committee was formed last May by a number of ladies (with Lady Islington

(Continued on page 380.)

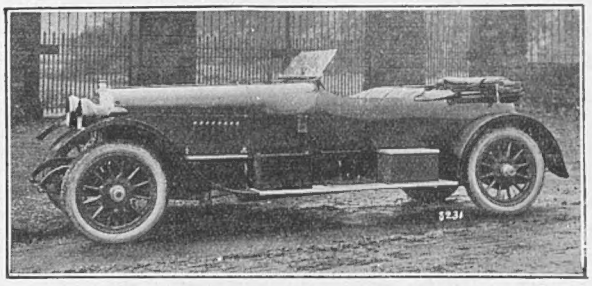
You would form an exceptionally high estimate of

SUNBEAM

supremacy if you could see the manner in which Sunbeam cars in the war area are standing up to their work. You would realise how vastly supreme the productions of the Sunbeam factory must be if you were permitted by the Government to examine

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINE.

In Sunbeam Cars and Sunbeam Coatalen Aircraft Engines, British genius and British labour are triumphant



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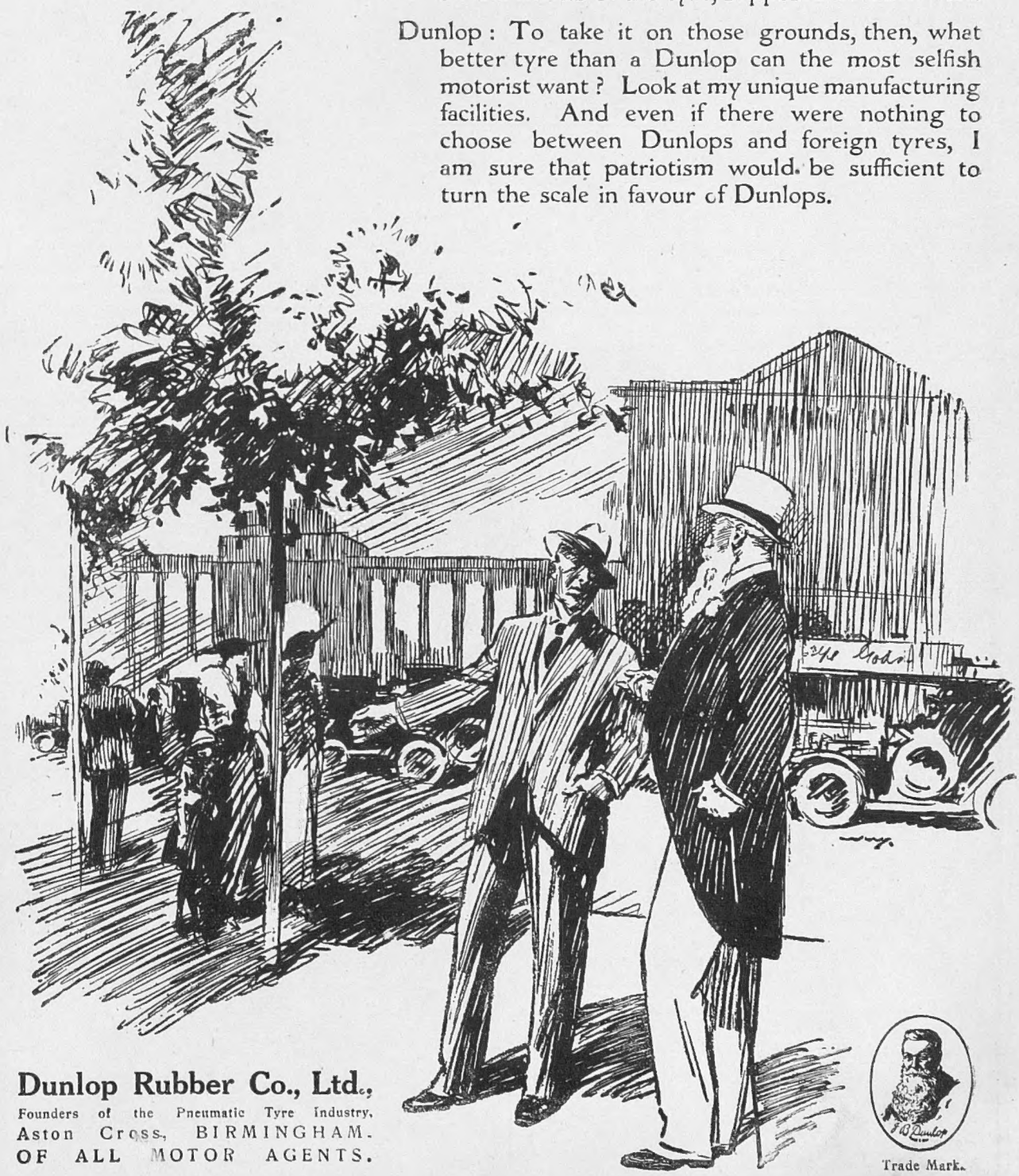
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

The Cynic: I think patriotism carries very little weight with most motorists when it comes to the purchase of a tyre.

Dunlop: I don't believe it! Anyway, not in present circumstances.

The Cynic: Oh, I don't know. I am almost convinced it's a question of selfish interest, based on the merits of the tyre, supposed or otherwise.

Dunlop: To take it on those grounds, then, what better tyre than a Dunlop can the most selfish motorist want? Look at my unique manufacturing facilities. And even if there were nothing to choose between Dunlops and foreign tyres, I am sure that patriotism would be sufficient to turn the scale in favour of Dunlops.



Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Aston Cross, BIRMINGHAM.
OF ALL MOTOR AGENTS.

Trade Mark.

MOTORING (concluded from page 378)

as chairman) to give wounded "Tommies" a run-out to some hospitable mansion, to fill them up with entertainment and eatables, and bring them back. Since May this committee of ladies have achieved one hundred such trips, covered 4,000 miles, and given a good time to 2,500 men from twenty-two London hospitals. That is fine. The report of the committee runs to September 30, and records, *inter alia*, that Sir Arthur du Cros presented a motor char-à-banc, provided a driver, and supplied, free, the whole of the petrol consumed. In addition the "Tommies" were guests of Sir Arthur and Lady du Cros forty times during the season, that representing over 1,000 men; 600 were one time and another entertained by the Countess of Essex at Cassiobury; about the same number by Mrs. Duggan at Trent; while other hostesses were Lady Ripon at Coombe and Mrs. Reginald Blair at The Hermitage, Harrow Weald, all these, and several other ladies, being on the committee. All of which was good and kindly work, and I hope the memories of it will be as fragrant to the ladies concerned as I am sure they must be to the "Tommies" who benefited. For my part, I take a particular pleasure in unearthing the record of this effort and of offering thanks, because those who so gratefully help *our* fellows help us; and we'd be very churlish persons indeed if we did not make what acknowledgment was in our power.

GOOD WORK

On forty occasions since April wounded soldiers have been entertained by Sir Arthur and Lady du Cros at Edgware, and on sixty occasions at other hospitable houses. Illustration is of one contingent arriving in the motor char-à-banc presented by Sir Arthur to the Ladies' Committee which organised these outings

* * *

An Appeal

ALL of the craft to whom these presents shall come: note that Mr. H. W. Dover, of Northampton, President of the Cycle and Motor Trades Benevolent Fund, is making an appeal for funds (the peace-time banquet, where friends were accustomed to congregate, being again, of course, postponed) for this entirely laudable and tremendously useful organisation. The occasion was never more urgent than now. Therefore, give freely lest I come on the fund myself one day and find the exchequer empty.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

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